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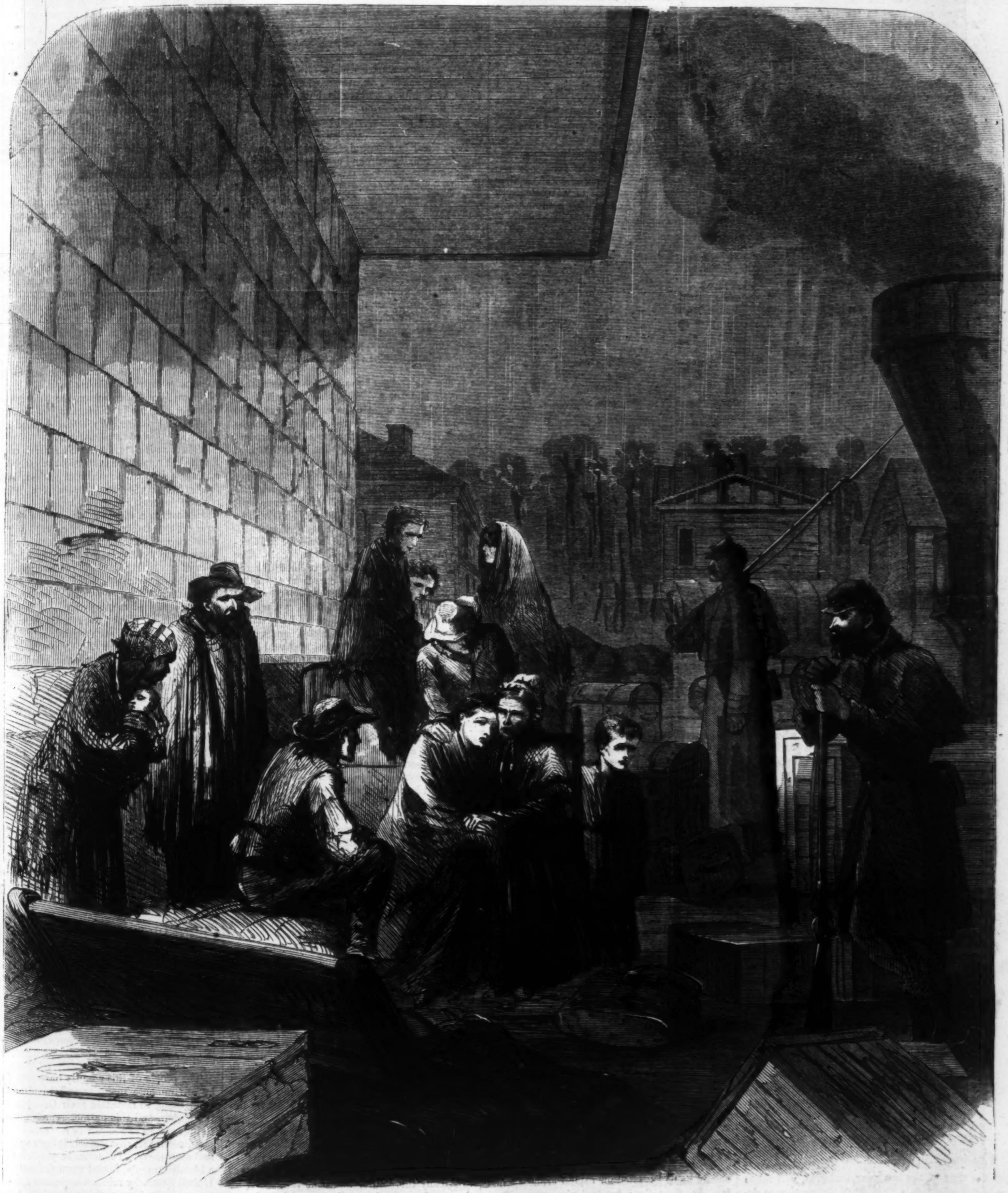


ARRIVAL OF UNION REFUGEES AT KINGSTON, GEORGIA.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 790.]

WELCOMING BACK THE FLAG.

I passed two years—long, weary years—
Amid the traitor band
That trampled on our glorious Flag
Down in the Southern land.
I heard the shouts, as State by State
So madly fell away—
Fell, as the stars from heaven shall fall
When comes the Judgment-Day—
Fell, as the rebel angels fell
Who lost their thrones of light,
And now the sentence dread await
To everlasting night.

I saw the traitors' banner rise,
Our own flag in the dust;
And whispered to my beating heart,
"Be patient, God is just!"
I saw the scornful rebel host
March by in all their pride;
And when I heard their boasts my heart
Almost within me died.
I saw that host come back again,
An army now no more,
But flying, scattered as the chaff
Of autumn's thrashing-floor.

Then, pressing on the fleeing throng,
There soon burst on my view
A column strong of riders bold,
All clad in loyal blue.
Each foot the stirrup firmly pressed,
Each flashing blade was out,
I heard them shout: "Hurrah! hurrah!"
As victors only shout.
But nobler sight than flashing steel,
Than steeds or stalwart men,
I saw—and oh! I wept for joy—
My Country's Flag again.

Near Bunker Hill I first drew breath;
Then how could I forget
The lessons learned so near the spot
With Warren's blood once wet?
A woman—yet I waved my hand,
And "Welcome! welcome!" cried,
And felt, if need were, for that Flag
I freely could have died.
My dark-eyed boys were by me, and
Through all life's weary track
They never will forget the day
We saw the Flag come back.

Oh! there are many in that land
Where float the rebel "Bars"
Who mourn the sad eclipse, yet know
That heaven still holds the Stars.
Between them and those shining worlds
The war-cloud rises black;
But peace will soon the cloud disperse,
And all the Stars come back.
God speed the day! for when it comes
The tears will fall like rain,
And thousands in the South will hail
The Old Flag back again.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 10, 1864.

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

The campaign of General Sherman is striking and daring, but not more so than his advance from Chattanooga, of which it is a continuation. At Atlanta, with a slender line of railroad nearly two hundred miles long, exposed to the forays of the rebel cavalry, his position was uncertain. The advantages were not balanced by the risks. He has therefore made it useless for either party, and destroying as he goes, he carries a line of fire straight across the surface of the rebel section, cutting a terrible swath to the sea.

General Sherman does not play at war. "War is cruelty," he says, "and you can not refine it," and he believes that they who have brought war upon the country will justly feel its sharpest edge. Yet he only is wise who sees in Sherman's flashing sword the true olive branch. When the deluded Southern people feel that the Government is strong enough to pierce their section where it will; that the national armies can march and countermarch at their pleasure; that the shrewdest plans of their own Generals are outwitted and baffled; and those Generals perceive that they have lost their supreme military advantage of interior lines, a moral victory is won.

It may be true, as the rebels say, that the march of Sherman's army is merely like the flight of an arrow which can not wound the air through which it passes. The rebel army may close in behind him. The territory he crosses may still own the rebel sway; and he may hold only the ground upon which he actually stands. But the first victory of such a campaign is not visible. Not a rebel soldier may fall before him, but the hearts of a host faint within them. Not a field may be permanently held by him, but the rebel owner knows that the tenure of his own possession is loosened. The arrow may not wound the air, but when you have learned that the air which you deemed impervious has been pierced by an arrow, you will hear a hurtling all the time

Sherman's campaign is one of great difficulties and dangers. The conviction of the rebels that, if they could embarrass or defeat him, their prestige would be regained, and their terrible disasters of the last year condoned, will incite them to the utmost effort of desperation to destroy him It is the duty of all sensible Union men not to exult, not to be transported with excessive expectation, but to watch and hope and pray. All the circumstances—the absence of Hood's army, the blithe courage of Sherman's men, his own indomitable energy and great genius—favor our noble General. We may justly believe that he will keep his Christmas by the sea. But we ought to guard against the possible consequence of undue elation. If, forgetting the chances of war, we insist that there is nothing but absolute success to be expected at every step of Sherman's movement, we may find ourselves paying the penalty of our own folly in a depressing and overpowering reaction of feeling.

THE LATE PLOT.

The plot to burn the hotels and create universal confusion utterly and even ludicrously failed. It might have been a destruction of life and property as terrible as it was wanton. It was quite sufficient, however, to show the spirit of the whole rebellion. The "chivalry" which starves Union prisoners to death, and suffers them to fall a prey to filth and vermin, consistently attempts to burn innocent women and children.

The enterprise is another illustration of the delights of State sovereignty which the rebellion professedly seeks to assert. We have, in the attempt of Friday night last, a fair intimation of what we are to expect when New Jersey and Vermont and Pennsylvania are independent powers between which and the independent empire of New York a quarrel chances to arise. And yet not quite so in the cases we suppose. If either of those States were a nation at war with another, war would not be conducted exactly in this "chivalric" method. It requires the imbruting of the spirit of a whole community by the custom of holding men and women as slaves before such fiendish malignity is developed.

But we can see in this plot the agreeable consequences of a possible war with "the Southern Confederacy," if that name should ever become a thing. The peace apostles, who incite massacre and sigh over war, will perhaps inform us how much blood and sorrow would be saved by patching up a truce with men capable of these things, instead of showing them that neither by such crimes, nor by the great wanton war which they have forced upon the country, can they succeed. The inevitable consequence of the plot will be a firmer purpose and a more unhesitating hand in striking at the heart of rebellion.

"SERFS."

The Richmond *Examiner*, speaking of the significance of our late election, says: "It is at last plain that we must defend ourselves with all our force, or else sink into serfs; and we must stand together, or else sink together without a hope of redemption."

This is an illustration of the method by which the Southern mind is fired, to use Yancey's phrase. The "South" is vaguely called by the rebel leaders "our country," and submission to the equal laws of the United States is sinking into serfdom. Are all those who politically differ from the Administration—in other words, are the constitutional minority in this country serfs? If they are so now, they were so always; and down to 1860 the rebel chiefs controlled this Government. Is it then so very unfair that, having by their own interpretation so long held the rest of their fellow-citizens as serfs, they should now take their turn?

But nothing is more amusingly false than such an assertion. It is merely a fierce appeal to prejudice and passion. In the year 1745 there was the last Stuart rebellion against the British Government. It was suppressed by arms, and the authority of the Government was restored. Were the Scots who took part in that movement or are their descendants serfs? The Whisky insurrection was put down by Washington. Are the Western Pennsylvanians serfs? Shay's rebellion was overpowered and tranquillity restored. Are the people of central Massachusetts serfs? The attempt at forcible nullification in South Carolina was repressed. Have the South Carolinians been serfs ever since? If so, why have they regularly taken part in every election until they, with their friends, were defeated? Are we to understand that Preston Brooks was a serf raising his hand against his master? Have the men who lead the rebellion been until the year 1861 what Gurth was in "Ivanhoe," born thralls of Cedric the Saxon?

The folly of such talk is transparent. If they were not serfs in the year 1859, when they acknowledged the government of the common country, how will they become such when they again acknowledge it? If a man resists the law, and the law is too strong for him, and he yields, when the penalty of the law is satisfied, and he returns to his equal allegiance with all other citizens, he is no more a serf than they. If Jefferson Davis was not a serf when he was Secretary of War under this Government, he can not be a serf when he is a simple citizen under it; no, and he does not become a serf should he be executed for capital crime against it. Are the "Confederates" who are punished for offenses against "the Confederacy" serfs? If they are not, neither are the "Confederates" who yield to the authority of the United States Government.

But they say it is not the Government of their choice. That may be, but that is not a valid plea for resistance. The recently-elected President was not the preference of the city of New York. Is the city therefore a congregation of mere serfs because it peacefully accepts the result of an election in which it took part? There are whole sections of Georgia and North Carolina of which Mr. Davis is not the choice for a leader. Does the *Examiner* consider them serfs because they do not secede and declare that their "country" will have nothing to do with the Davis-tyranny at Richmond?

It is by this kind of frenzied and futile talk that the minds of the Southern people are excited. They are beyond reason now. Nothing remains but to destroy their military force, and to hold them as a child struggling with rage is held, until he falls exhausted, and his mind, gradually surmounting blind fury, begins to see the truth.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

The first point is safety. The road itself built in the best way, of the best materials, should be carefully and constantly watched, to ascertain when renewals of rails, sleepers, and beds are necessary, and to guard against accidents of running. There is but one way in which this care can be secured, and that is by the exaction of the sternest penalties for every accident.

A railroad is a pecuniary enterprise, and if imperfect construction and careless superintendence entail heavy loss there will be adequate completeness and care. If, for instance, the Legislature of New York were now in session, and should enact a law that for every future railroad accident within the State the Company should be liable not only to the payment of damages in separate individual suits of the passengers, but should also pay a round sum into the State Treasury, so large that two or three penalties of the kind during the year would consume the profits of the road, there would be such a scrutiny of roads, such an organization of carefulness along the lines, as has never been known in the country, and railroad stock would ascend to a delightful value as a permanent investment.

When the rigors of the law are so sure that the mere sight of a doubtful-looking rail or an ancient sleeper appalls the switchman and the laborer with the fear that if it splits or breaks or rots their individual pockets will suffer, and when the jerking, jumping plunge of the train along the rickety track brings the heart of the director and stockholder into his mouth, not with the fear of losing his life, but his dividend, we may be very sure that whatever human skill and foresight can do to avoid accidents will be done.

No Company, of course, should be held responsible for what it clearly could not help. For instance, we would not have it liable for the death of a passenger in the cars from apoplexy. That might be construed as a super-refinement of justice. But a permanent Railway Commission there should be, which should strictly investigate all the circumstances of every disaster, large or small That Commission should bring a suit against the offending road in the name of the State, and the extreme penalty should be exacted.

It is only in some such way that the public safety upon railroads can be secured and public confidence restored. The universal conviction now is that the roads are becoming daily more dangerous, and that the Life Insurance Companies will soon excuse themselves from railroad risks. A stoppage upon the road, or an unusual movement in the cars, excites the most unpleasant emotions. Certain roads are viewed with peculiar apprehension, and men breathe more freely when they are safely at the end of them. The curious old speculations are revived that, according to the statistics of railway travel, every man who has traveled a certain number of miles is liable to have his arm broken; a few more and his leg is in danger; and after a certain number of miles traveled his neck may be broken at any moment to keep the inexorable statistics straight.

Thus we repeat the legend of the Minotaur, and thus, in the neatest and most becoming traveling dress, we expose Andromeda to the monster. It is only the form of the horror that changes. Where is the essential difference between the annual sacrifice of seven fair youths and seven lovely maids of Athens to the insatiable brute of Crete, and the annual sacrifice of seven youths and maids of Baltimore, let us say, or New York, or Chicago, or St. Louis, to the insatiable Greed of Gain? We plume ourselves at our peril upon our superior civilization. The test of civilization is respect for human life and liberty.

Railroads are for the convenience of the people, and the people are fools if they do not take care, by law, that they shall not be the victims of the railroads. When the Central Road comes to Albany this winter and asks for favors, let the people grant them only upon fair and unavoidable conditions.

THE POLICE.

A nobler, braver, or more skillful body of men than the police of New York does not exist. This great restless city lies safe in their protecting care. Firm, courteous, prompt, irresistible, they are a model band of citizens and officers. Their services in the draft riots of 1863 are already historical. Their efficiency in the late incendiary plot is not less memorable.

No men in the country fill more arduous and responsible positions than President Acton of the Board of Police Commissioners and Superintendent Kennedy, and no men fill them more ably. Indeed the public knowledge of their singular sagacity and ability, with those of their associates, inspires a consciousness of security like the presence of an army.

No legislative act was ever more entirely vindicated by the result than the appointment of the Metropolitan Police. It should have been enough to satisfy every honest man that it was both just and desirable, that it was bitterly opposed by the then Mayor of the city. Not one of the ill consequences predicted has ensued. It has never been a partisan body or worked to party ends. The city has never been so safe, the rights of every citizen so secure, the method of police business so exact, comprehensive, and efficient as since the appointment of the Metropolitan Police. Their daily service is an incalculable benefit. There is no more honorable uniform than that they wear.

TRUTH-TELLING.

It is amusing to see how a man in a passion lets the truth escape him. The London *Times*, which has constantly striven to represent the rebellion as the noble effort of an oppressed people to recover and defend their liberties, and has with perfect success falsified every fact in the history of the war, unguardedly tells the naked truth in a late article written under the consciousness of the extremity of the rebel cause.

It is speaking of the project of arming the slaves at the South, and the *Times* innocently remarks: "The South has no reason to doubt that the negro will fight just as bravely in support of the cause of slavery, *which is the cause of his master*, as he will in the cause of liberty." And it adds of its particular friends the rebels: "The man who would submit without a murmur to the impressment of his horses or his crops, may very likely shrink back with a species of superstitious horror from the attempt of his own Government [at Richmond] *to deprive him of those very slaves for whom he has already fought a long and desperate war.*"

This is as it should be. The *Times* confesses that this insurrection is an effort to save slavery; and the paper whose asserted pride it is to defend "fair play"—the representative of the aristocratic governing class of England—deliberately supports as a manly assertion of an undoubted right the armed effort of a body of men to overthrow a Government, which they do not pretend has ever wronged them, merely for the sake of preserving slavery. Does any really intelligent and thoughtful Englishman wonder that his country is detested by all other nations when he sees that its leading journal, holding a position which no other paper holds in any other country, is guilty of such a crime against human nature and civil society?

We do not for a moment forget the sympathy and generous service of our friends in England who, understanding this war, truly appreciate and despise the course of the *Times* and its adherents. But the fact of which we speak will help explain to them the indignation which they hear so often breathed against England. They may be very sure that if the mine owners any where in England should revolt against the British Government for the sole purpose of more surely imbruting the unhappy miners, no American statesman in office would applaud their insurrection as the founding of a nation, as Mr. Gladstone said of this rebellion; and if any leading newspaper here, clearly recognizing the object of the insurrection, vehemently supported it, it would be overwhelmed with the derision and wrath of the great body of the people.

BENEDICT ARNOLD REDIVIVUS.

The following extract, from a late number of a violently partisan journal, is in the style and spirit of Benedict Arnold's sneers and the old Tory flings in the Revolution:

> "Does any one suppose that a war which, with every fluctuation, brings money to the cabal that conducts it, whose very disasters are turned to profit, and the bloodshed of defeat 'coined into drachmas' by it, will be given up? No; it will be clung to just so long as it can be worked with profit by its speculating managers."

The people of this country have just decided, by an immense majority and in almost every loyal State, to maintain their Government and the Union, and this extract represents the war to that end as conducted by a "cabal." It implies, moreover, that the war is both unnecessary and mercenary. The terms in which it describes a bloody struggle, forced upon the people of the United States by rebels who seized the national property, fired upon the national flag, and defied the national authority, reveal a total want of sympathy with the national cause, and the sour and malignant spite of a defeated partisan.

Yet the papers and orators, who speak of this most unavoidable and truly sacred war as wicked and fratricidal, were the loudest supporters of the Mexican war and of the Seminole war, and have always carried a chip upon their shoulders begging Great Britain to knock it off. Thus they are not opposed to war in itself. They do not object to bloodshed. They do not grieve over disaster as such. Not at all. When *they* can conduct it, as they did the wars of which we speak—when *they* can coin the blood into drachmas, where *they* can find profit in disaster, then, indeed, "war exists by the act of Mexico," then our honor imperatively requires that blood must be shed—the blood of savages whom we have stung into rage, the blood of a weak and wasted people whom we can bully.

But when our own fellow-citizens, fairly and constitutionally defeated in an election, fly to arms and overwhelm the country with all the untold horrors of sudden and ferocious war, then to resist them, to try to save by the sword to which they appeal the Government, and civil order itself—to see the heroic darlings of every home following their high hearts and consciences to the field—to endure the strain of taxation—to face all the chances, present and remote, of so tremendous a civil convulsion—this is a struggle in which the whooping abettors of filibustering and Mexican and Seminole wars can see nothing but fratricidal fighting, and a war worked with profit by speculating managers.

The policy which this kind of carping represents brought this war upon the country, and every day shows that the people at last fully understand, and therefore utterly despise, Benedict Arnold in whatever form he reappears.

THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY NUISANCE.

"Between the great cities of the Union, New York and Philadelphia," says a correspondent, "a single Company monopolizes the right of way across the State of New Jersey, and while refusing the privilege to every other Company, furnishes upon a single track road accommodations which the people of any respectable village in the West would spurn with contempt."

In case of foreign war, as he truly remarks, the transmission of large bodies of troops and munitions between New York and Philadelphia would be practically stopped. There was, indeed, a time during the present rebellion when Washington was threatened. The Camden and Amboy Road was found to be utterly inadequate to the transport of the troops across New Jersey. One of the new roads carried some thirty thousand soldiers, running trains by day and night; and the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company has brought a writ to compel the Raritan and Delaware Bay Company to pay over into the Camden and Amboy treasury the receipts for this service to the imperiled Government!

To the State of New Jersey, notoriously controlled by this giant monopoly, no sane man looks for redress. But a bill has passed the United States House of Representatives authorizing the use of other roads in New Jersey for travel between other States, and it only awaits the action of the Senate to make it a law. It ought to be entitled "a Bill for the relief of the Nation," and should be passed by acclamation at the earliest day. The Camden and Amboy monopoly has become a national nuisance.

CAMPS OF PRISONERS.

There is no doubt that there was a formidable plot at Chicago for the release of the rebel prisoners, and turning them loose upon the city, abandoning it to the ravage of an immense armed and organized mob under the leadership of Marmaduke, a brother of the rebel General. The horror of such an event it is not easy to imagine, and we can well believe that the inhabitants of the city are still restless with the consciousness of the peril they have escaped. It will always remain as a proof of the odiousness of party-spirit that the prompt action of the Government to prevent the insurrection and to save innocent men, women, and children, our neighbors and friends, from murder, wrong, and pillage at the hands of a drunken and brutal rabble, was denounced by party newspapers as a reign of terror. Such a course was simply an appeal to the same passions to which Chicago was exposed, and from which it was happily saved.

But the circumstances should be very gravely considered, and ought to change the policy of the Government in regard to the disposition of prisoners. To establish an immense camp of prisoners in the immediate neighborhood of a great city, and close to all the dangerous elements in the population of every city, is to invite danger. Such a camp threatens the city. A sudden descent upon it by a few hundred determined ruffians, or the opening of the gates by stealth and treason, and the arming and release of the desperate horde to rage and ravage at their will, is not only easy but probable, and the revelations at Chicago are the proof of it. If prisoners are to be massed, it should be in some fort or upon a carefully guarded island, and not near a large town.

But whether the Government changes its policy in this respect or not, we hope that the spectacle of party malignity, which the Chicago plot produced, will be freshly remembered for the benefit of the country. To stigmatize the summary exposure and prevention of a massacre, with consequences that can not be conceived, as a reign of terror inaugurated by the Government, compels the inquiry what those papers would have said of the plot itself if it had not been discovered. Would they have called it "a rising of the people," or "a great popular reaction," or "the people moving?"

The demagogues who take the name of the people in vain, who denounce "the Government" as if it were a tyrant above them instead of being the people themselves constitutionally expressing and executing their will, are enemies of the country and of human nature quite as dangerous as armed rebels, and a thousand-fold meaner.

RICHARD HILDRETH.

We observe with the greatest regret a statement that Richard Hildreth, the historian, who was appointed in 1861 Consul to Trieste, is hopelessly ill with a softening of the brain.

Mr. Hildreth is one of the quiet, patient, persistent, and efficient workmen, who do less for their own fame than that of others. He belongs to that great body of unrecognized students and authors who supply the hard-earned material upon which others build, like the coral insects, who invisibly construct the reefs upon which islands rise, in whose foliage the most brilliant birds soar and sing.

His history of the United States, from the settlement of the country down to 1821, fills six volumes, and is a monument of faithful labor and extensive research. It traces with clearness the steadily-progressive development of the great controversy which has now ended in civil war, and is a body of political information quite unsurpassed. It is none the less valuable that Mr. Hildreth is a Federalist of the Hamiltonian school, for recent events show beyond question that Hamilton was not altogether wrong in his estimate of the tendency of our system. The work has few graces of style; but it is clear and concise and honest, and is indispensable to the student of American history.

Other works of Mr. Hildreth reveal the same qualities of accuracy and thoroughness, and his long fidelity to the principles which brought the Administration into power four years ago was properly recognized by his consular appointment. We had hoped that his labors might be suspended and his health established in the soft Adriatic air. But if the news be true, Mr. Hildreth is another of the learned and exhausted scholars by whose melancholy fate all hard workers with the brain should be warned.

CHARLES WESLEY'S POETRY.

One of the most striking features of the literary history of the last ten or fifteen years is the revival of hymn literature. The initial impulse seems to have been given by Keble's "Christian Year." Almost every branch of the Church has shared in the movement, both in England and America. New collections of hymns, ancient and modern, have appeared with almost every year since 1850. Almost every school of Christian thought and feeling has given birth to a *Lyra*, the favorite title for such collections. The Lyra Germanica was followed by the Lyra Anglicana; the Lyra Eucharistica by the Lyra Messianica; and the Lyra Domestica appears to have closed that series. The less pretentious collections, under simpler titles, are too numerous to mention here. Many of them are ephemeral; but two or three are good enough to be cherished in the Church as permanent possessions.

It is a little strange that the best of these collections should be the work, not of any school or sect, nor of any ecclesiastical person, but of an English lawyer. The *Book of Praise*, by Sir Roundell Palmer, her Majesty's Solicitor-General, far excels all other recent gatherings of hymns in catholicity of spirit and in literary taste. It selects the best of old hymns and new, without reference to sect or party in the Church. The names of Watts and Wesley appear more frequently in its pages than any others—proof at once of Sir Roundell Palmer's critical skill and of his freedom from sectarian prejudice.

It now appears that one of our New York merchants has devoted his leisure for years, like the British Solicitor-General, to studies in sacred song. The elegant fruit of these *horæ subsecivæ* is before us in a volume entitled "*Sacred Poetry, selected from the Works of the Rev.* Charles Wesley, edited by a Lay Member of the Protestant Episcopal Church (New York: Kelley & Brother, 1864)." Such a collection has long been needed. The most appreciative critics have agreed, we think, in placing Charles Wesley at the head of the Christian lyrists. It is recorded to the credit of Watts, his great rival, that he said he would give all he had written for the honor of being the author of Wesley's magnificent hymn, entitled "Wrestling Jacob." The London *Quarterly* calls Wesley "the most gifted minstrel of the modern Church." James Montgomery, at once poet and critic, declares that he "has celebrated the everlasting themes of Christian experience with an affluence of diction and a splendor of coloring rarely surpassed." Sir Roundell Palmer gives as the requisites of a good hymn, "simplicity, freshness, and reality of feeling; a consistent elevation of tone; and a rhythm easy and harmonious, but not jingling or trivial." No writer has met these requirements more fully than Wesley. A mere setting forth of Christian doctrine in verse does not constitute a hymn; the thought must be fitted to the needs of song; the hymn must be really lyrical, or it will not endure. Such hymns can not be made to order; they are the spontaneous product of Christian thought and feeling, working by and through the imagination. And in point of spontaneousness, poetic feeling, and harmony of numbers, Charles Wesley is, of all hymn writers, *facile princeps*. Snatches of his verse haunt the memory of thousands who never heard his name. The highest test of poetry, according to Coleridge, is that "we return to it;" and the hymns of Wesley stand this test to perfection.

The literary and Christian public will thank the editor of the beautiful volume before us for his labor of love. It contains the cream of Charles Wesley's poetry; not merely the hymns given in the ordinary books, but many others that have never before appeared. The form of the work, as to typography and binding, is equal to its matter. No more beautiful gift-book for the holidays has appeared: and in this way it will, we trust, reach hundreds of families. And all who examine the book, and can appreciate it, will rejoice that Mr. Thomas M'Mullen's hours of leisure have been so gracefully and profitably employed.

TO THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

The following letter suggests that the Commission shall extend their business. But we are very sure that our correspondent will see that he suggests nothing less than that the Sanitary Commission shall become the great army sutler, and that it has no authority to do so. We wish most sincerely that Private —— and all other victims could be relieved of the extortioners, but he must try again to devise a satisfactory method:

"Camp of Dismounted Men, near City Point, Virginia.

"Dear Sir,—None can so truly appreciate the labors of the Sanitary Commission as do we who are their beneficiaries in the camp and field. Their labors are gigantic, and at first sight it would appear unjust to seek to tax them with an additional burden; but when I ask only a kindness to be compensated, I hope the proposition made will be considered.

"Sutlers, as they now exist among us, are a sort of 'necessary evil.' They charge us exorbitant prices for every little luxury the soldier craves, and one of their prices-current would rival any yet given from rebeldom. Take a few items: Canned fruits, $1 to $1 25; sweet potatoes, 15 cents per pound; cheese, 60 cents; onions, 15 cents; 1 ounce sweet-oil, 15 cents; butter, 85 cents—and every thing in proportion. Now what we want is that the Sanitary Commission extend their field of labor so far as to furnish the few articles we want at compensating prices. Or if the Christian Commission were to do this, they would find the *Gospel of low prices* an excellent adjunct to the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. This would require but an outlay of constantly-returning capital, and the employment of a small army of clerks. These clerks should be discharged or pensioned soldiers, when qualified ones can be had.

"Please make this suggestion, and oblige many victims.

"Yours, Private ——."

FOR THE SOLDIER'S CHILD.

The New York State Volunteer Institute was established about eighteen months since at Suspension Bridge, Niagara County, New York, to furnish a home for and to educate the sons of dead or disabled officers and soldiers, and if funds enough can be raised it will be made a National instead of a State institution. It is a military school, but it proposes to fit the cadets for any honorable pursuit.

The appeals to public charity for projects connected with the war have been so many, and the applications for the advantages of the Institute have so largely increased, that the proprietors now propose to relieve those who wish to aid the institution by changing a donation into a purchase. That they may furnish shelter, food, clothing, and a liberal education to the children under their charge they ask fifty thousand subscriptions at two dollars each, for which every subscriber will receive a fine large steel-plate portrait of the President, General Grant, or any corps commander, and also a certificate representing a share in the distribution of real estate in and near the city of New York to be made on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1865, the profits to be devoted to the benefit of the Volunteer Institute.

We are informed that the institution has the approval of General Hooker, Governor Seymour, the late General Wadsworth, and Mr. Rice, Superintendent of Public Instruction. The President is Colonel W. H. Young, and the Treasurer Captain H. R. Randall, P. O. box 4262, New York city.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN

Until Sherman has reached the sea we may expect no definite information concerning his progress. The rebel journals will not afford "aid and comfort to the enemy" by heralding his successes, but so long as they keep silence we may be assured that he has met with no reverse. This much appears to be certain: that he started on November 14 in two columns on the line of the two principal railroads that run eastward across the State from Atlanta, and that his advanced cavalry has taken Milledgeville, which lies between the two railroads above mentioned.

These two railroads are the Georgia Railroad, which runs almost directly east from Atlanta to Augusta, on the Savannah River, and the Macon and Western Railroad, which at starting runs nearly south from Atlanta to Burnesville, and then takes an eastward course through Macon to Savannah. From Atlanta to Macon is 104 miles; from Macon to Savannah 180 miles. Sherman's orders for the march were issued November 9. The right wing, consisting of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, was to be commanded by General Howard, and the left, consisting of the Fourteenth and Twentieth, by General Slocum. Each regiment to have one wagon and one ambulance, and each brigade a due proportion of ammunition and provision wagons and ambulances. The army to forage liberally off the country during the march, each brigade having its foraging company and arranging for at least ten days' provision ahead and three days' forage. No destruction of property to be permitted when the army is unmolested, but in districts which offer resistance a devastation to be made more or less relentless, according to the measure of hostility. Able-bodied negroes may be taken, unless there should be a scarcity of supplies. It is probable that to General Sherman's cavalry will be committed the necessary destruction of property, while the infantry will move steadily onward to the new base of operations.

On the 18th General Beauregard issued a manifesto to the citizens of Georgia, calling upon them to rally around Governor Brown, to obstruct the roads in Sherman's front, flank, and rear, and promising to be with them soon. The latter promise he appears, from the late Macon papers, to have redeemed, leaving Hood to fight Thomas in Central Tennessee.

THE SHENANDOAH.

A cavalry reconnoissance was undertaken November 21 by Custer's and Powell's cavalry divisions under General Torbert. The enemy was found some distance beyond Mount Jackson, at Rood's Hill, on the North Fork of the Shenandoah. Here an engagement took place, in which our cavalry, being outnumbered, was repulsed; but it was ascertained that Kershaw's Division had left the Valley for Richmond. On the same day Devin's Division made a reconnoissance toward Front Royal.

EAST TENNESSEE.

General Breckinridge, after his fight with Burbridge on the banks of the Holston in West Virginia, proceeded with his army into East Tennessee, where about the middle of November he effected a junction with Vaughan. He then marched against General Gillem, who had, after his victory over Vaughan and a pursuit of the latter to Bristol, fallen back on Bull's Gap, where he waited in vain for reinforcements. On the 13th, having turned Gillem's position, Breckinridge, with Vaughan and Duke, made an attack a little after midnight, and succeeded in completely routing the Federal force. Our loss was about 400. Gillem then fell back to Strawberry Plains, where, at the bridge over the Holston, the enemy's advance was checked. Burbridge has been sent to Cumberland Gap to prevent that post from falling into the enemy's hands.

GENERAL THOMAS'S CAMPAIGN.

General Thomas evacuated Pulaski November 23; and that place, together with Huntsville and Decatur, are in the enemy's possession. Our forces fell back first to Columbia, where an attack made by Hood was repulsed, and then to Franklin, which is only twenty miles south of Nashville. It is conjectured that he fell back to receive reinforcements.

A reconnoissance lately made by our gun-boats up the Tennessee developed the fact that the river was lined with rebel pickets from Johnsonville to Pine Bluff; this district was under the command of the rebel General Lyon. Hood's army was reported by deserters and scouts to be 35,000 strong, with 37 guns.

THE PLOT TO BURN NEW YORK.

On the night of November 25 a band of conspirators, under rebel auspices, attempted to execute their long-cherished plot to lay New York City in ashes. It was the intention of the conspirators to set fire to all the principal hotels, and to kindle a long line of fires that should insure the utter destruction of Broadway, while at the same time portions of the city remote from each other should each become a centre of distracting alarms. If the plot had succeeded nothing could have saved the city from utter destruction. The fires were kindled by leaving quantities of phosphorus where it would become exposed to the air in the rooms of the hotels, and the furniture of the rooms was so arranged as to help on the incipient conflagration. More than a dozen hotels were fired in this manner, and an attempt was also made to ignite Barnum's Museum. Among the hotels were the Astor, St. Nicholas, Fifth Avenue, Lafarge, St. James, Metropolitan, Howard, United States, Lovejoy's, Tammany, Belmont, Hanford, and others. Only a temporary and trifling injury was accomplished, owing to the well-ordered action of the police. General Dix, on the 26th, issued orders to the effect that the culprits, upon their conviction, should be executed without a day's delay, and that all persons from insurgent States not registering their names at the Provost Marshal's office should be regarded and treated as spies.

NEWS ITEMS.

The *Greyhound*, General Butler's dispatch steamer, caught fire in the James River, November 27, and was burned to the water's edge. Generals Butler and Schenck and Admiral Porter were on board at the time, but escaped without injury. Ten horses belonging to General Butler and staff were consumed in the flames.

The pirate steamer *Florida*, while lying at anchor in Hampton Roads, was run into by an army steamer, on the 27th inst., and sunk in nine fathoms of water. The officers of the *Florida* have been confined in Fort Warren.

Brigadier-General Morgan L. Smith has taken command of Vicksburg, in place of Major-General Dana.

Attorney-General Bates has tendered his resignation to President Lincoln, to take effect December 1, and it has been accepted.

Roger A. Pryor, now a private soldier in the Confederate army, but formerly a rebel General, was captured, November 25, by the Fifth Corps pickets of the Army of the Potomac, while attempting to exchange papers with our pickets, and has been brought to Washington and committed to the Old Capitol Prison. Pryor was taken in retaliation for the recent capture of Captain Burbridge by the rebel pickets, under similar circumstances, and claims that General Lee ordered the release of Burbridge on Saturday. But the latter has, since the capture of Pryor, been dismissed the army, for disobeying the order forbidding the exchange of papers with the enemy, and Pryor will possibly not regain his freedom on this plea.

General Hancock has orders to organize in the District of Columbia a new corps, which is to consist of 20,000 men who have been in the service for at least two years. The corps is to be raised by January 1, 1865.

Advices from Halifax of November 19 state that the new rebel privateer *Chickamauga* had sailed for another cruise. In her previous cruise she destroyed American commerce to the value of half a million dollars.

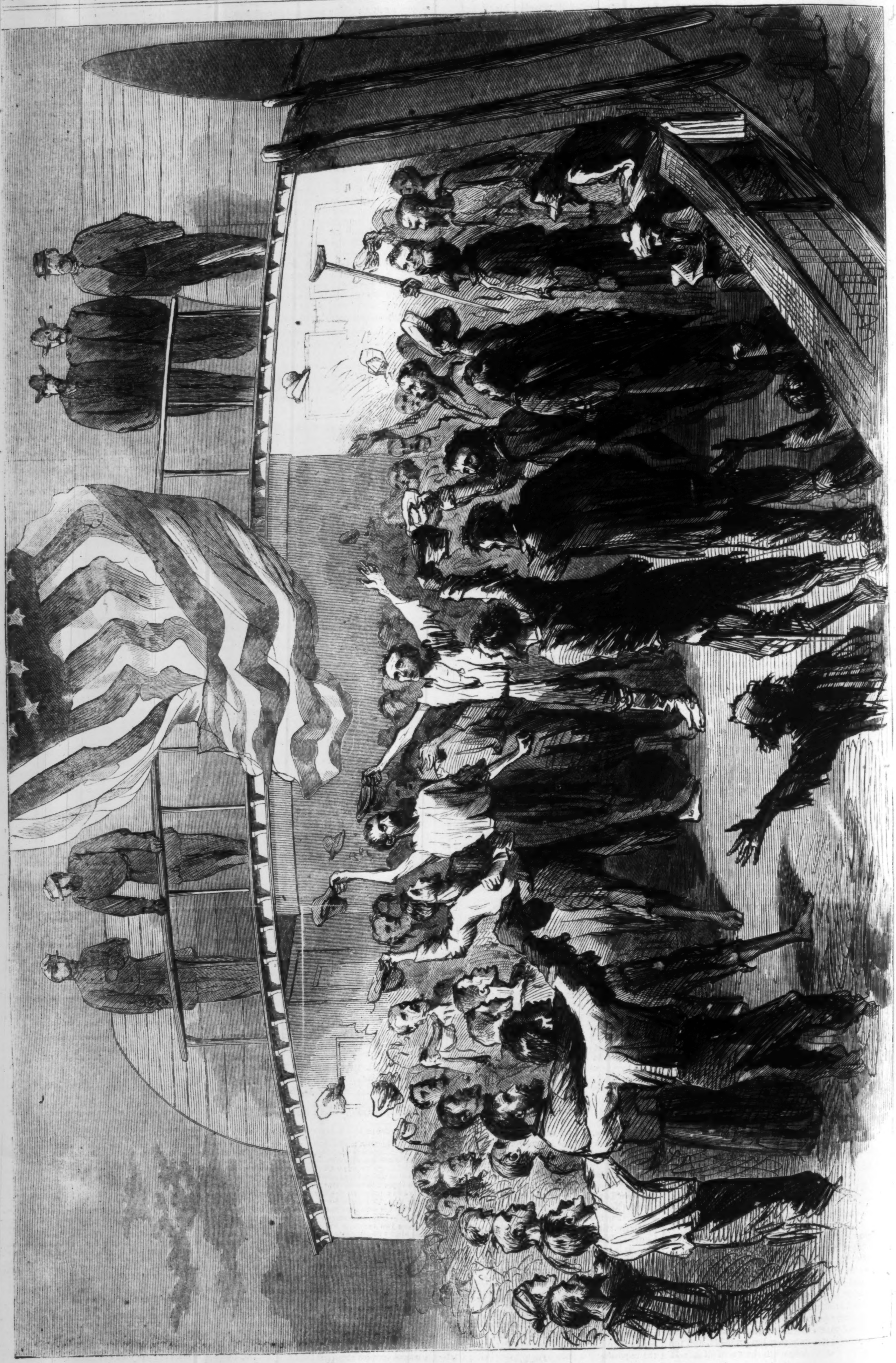
FOREIGN NEWS.

JAPAN.

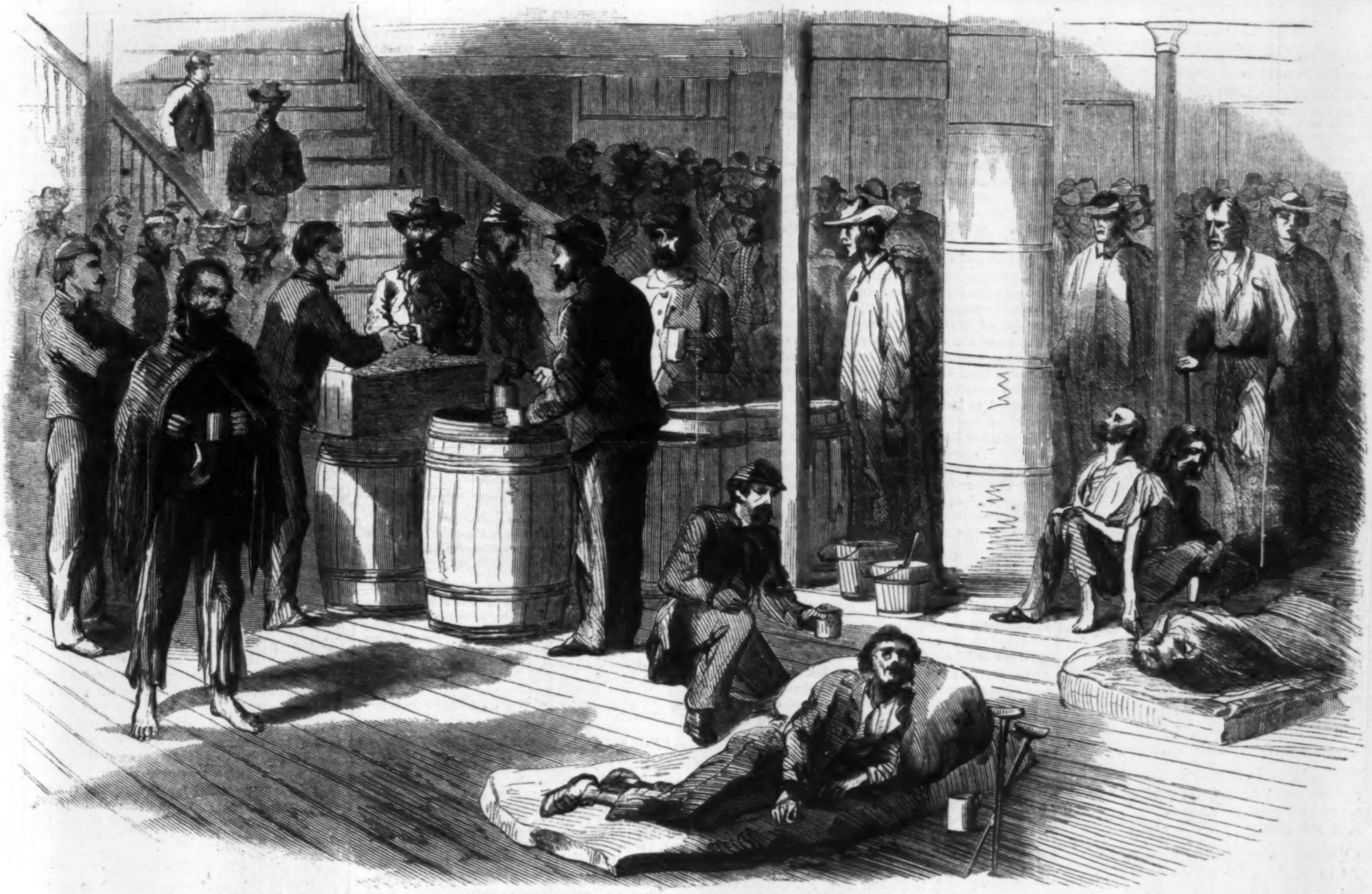
It is well known that, although Japan has been forced to make treaties with the great Powers of Christendom, she has never been able to make the subordinate princes sufficiently tractable to insure their execution. The entrance to the Inland Sea, which separates the two smaller islands on the south from the main island of Japan, is by three straits. Of these the most convenient for commercial purposes is that known as the Straits of Simonosaki, on the west. The entrance has been strongly guarded by the Prince of Nagato, whose province commands it on the north. Of late the Prince has greatly strengthened the fortifications, with a view to the exclusion of foreign vessels. About a year ago French, English, and American vessels were fired upon. Lately the English vessel *Cormorant* had a gun fired across her bows. It was then determined by all the foreign ministers at Yokohama that the forts must be reduced. Sixteen vessels of war were engaged in the expedition. The American Minister not having a man-of-war at his command sent a sailing vessel to represent the American flag. Half of the vessels were English, three were French, and five Dutch. After three days' fighting the straits were opened. The Allies lost forty-six men, and the Japanese from two to three hundred. The forts are to be dismantled.

MEXICO.

Advices from Mexico say that the military force of Juarez at Oajaca, where he himself was at the date of latest accounts, consists of about seven thousand men, but that more than half of them are new recruits, unfit for immediate service. These advices, which come through imperial channels, detail extensive spoliations of Church and private property by Juarez's officers. Oajaca was surrounded by earth-work fortifications.



"THANK GOD!"—RECEPTION OF OUR EXCHANGED PRISONERS ON BOARD THE "ELIZA HANCOX," NOVEMBER 18, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



SERVING OUT RATIONS TO OUR EXCHANGED PRISONERS ON BOARD THE "NEW YORK."—[Sketched by William Waud.]

OUR EXCHANGED PRISONERS

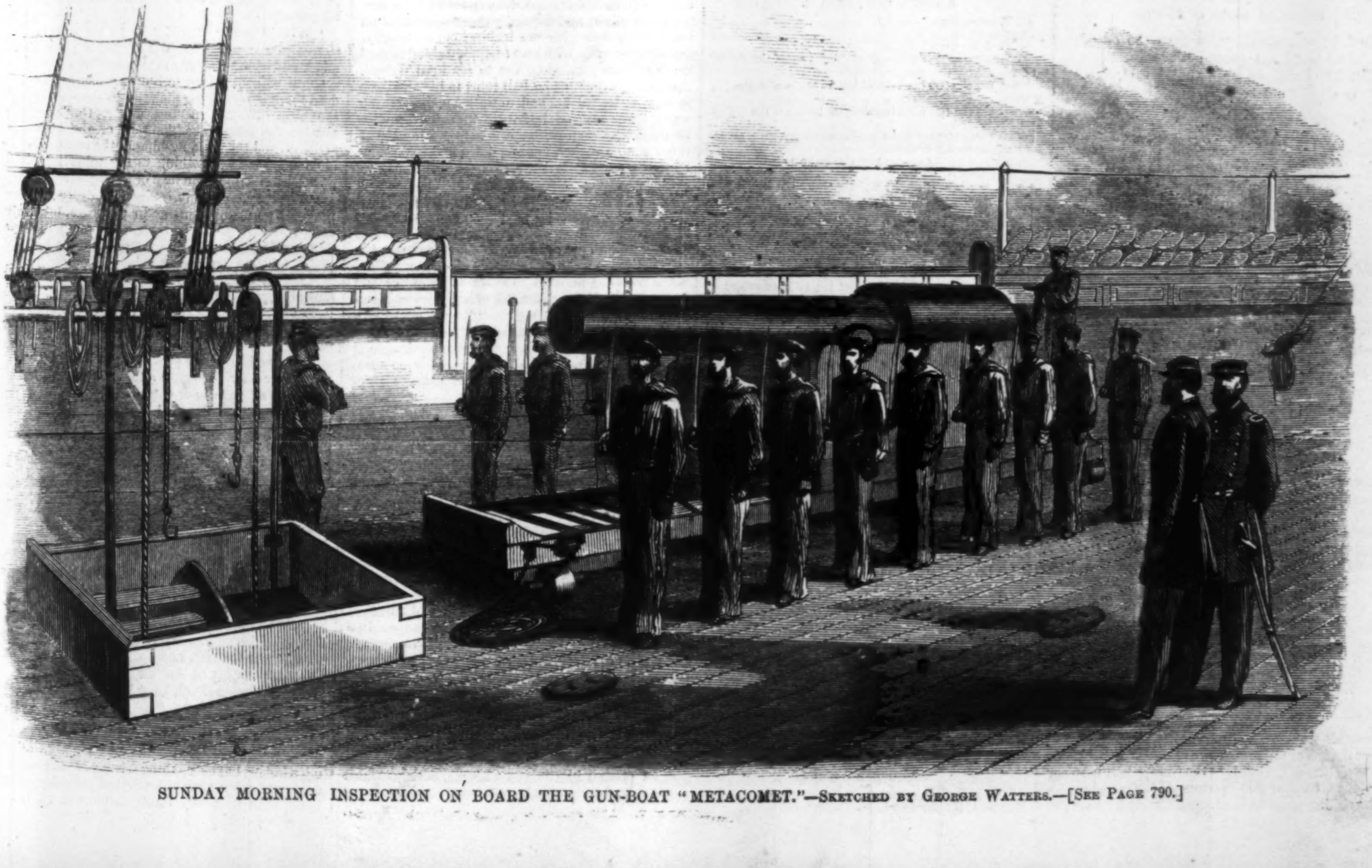
No more touching scene has occurred during the war than that which glorified the deck of the *Eliza Hancox*, Colonel Mulford's dispatch boat, on Friday, November 18, and which we illustrate on page 788. On that day we began to receive from the rebel authorities those of our exchanged prisoners who were in the best condition for removal. Shouting and cheering, they step on deck under the protection of the old flag. To these few the prison-pens of Andersonville have become only a remembrance, except in so far as the terrible record of the life there lived is written in their gaunt faces, scurvied limbs, and exhausted strength. The link which has bound them to the horrors of the past is broken, though it has left its scars and lacerations on their limbs. No words can describe the exultation of these long-sufferers at their release. Scrofulous cripples throw away their crutches and walk erect with the inspiration of simple joy; men who by want and home-sickness have been brought to the verge of idiocy, or been smitten for months with almost hopeless melancholy, shout for the old flag and for Colonel Mulford, and, regardless of the presence of their rebel companions, sing,

> "Rally round the flag, boys,
> From near and from far,
> Down with the traitor,
> And up with the star!"

Nor is it easy to describe the good cheer inherent in plenty of hot coffee and boiled hams for men who for months have been literally starving in a country abounding with provisions. We have on this page illustrated the scene on board the *New York* as the rations of ham and coffee were served out to the prisoners. To the luxury of palatable food is added that of the bath and of clean, new clothes.

The number of prisoners already exchanged is twelve hundred and forty-six. According to late advices the exchange was interrupted on account of the damaged railway communications on the line of Sherman's march. We hope that Sherman will compensate for this by redeeming all our prisoners at Millen. The prison-camp at Andersonville was almost entirely vacated early in November; east of Milledgeville a few miles is "Camp Lawton," which it is not improbable that our cavalry has reached. The stockade at Millen contains several thousand of our prisoners; and there are a large number in the hospitals at Savannah. The largest prison-camp in the rebel States is at Florence, about one hundred miles from Charleston, in the northeastern part of South Carolina; here, within the space of thirty-two acres, sixteen thousand prisoners are confined.

At Andersonville there were, a few weeks ago, from twenty-five to thirty thousand prisoners. So dreadful was the pestilence engendered from the close contact of the men, from filth, and from starvation, that eleven thousand of these were thrown uncoffined into the trenches around the stockade. Then, when inhumanity itself shuddered at its own extravagant malice—when even the rebel surgeons protested and uttered complaints which more than bear out the statements which we have received from returned prisoners—then the prison was broken up and the prisoners dispersed. The regulations and treatment of the prisoners at Florence are similar to what they were at Andersonville, and the mortality nearly as great. It must be remembered that every feature of this barbarous and inhuman treatment was unnecessary. Our prisoners could have easily been supplied with food, for the Southern people are not suffering for the want of subsistence; the only difficulty has been that of transportation, and this had no application to the region in which our prisoners have been confined. Nor was there need of suffering from nakedness or insufficient warmth; the former we ourselves would have promptly relieved if the opportunity had been given, and the latter could easily have been relieved by the plentiful supply of pine wood in forests immediately surrounding the prison-camps.



SUNDAY MORNING INSPECTION ON BOARD THE GUN-BOAT "METACOMET."—Sketched by George Watters.—[See Page 790.]

ALLATOONA.

Dismounted from his horse,
On the summit of the hill,
Stood our gallant General Corse,
And he stood erect and still.

He could see them far below,
From the summit where he stood,
He could see them come and go,
All the rebels under Hood.

Under all the far-off trees
He could see them form their lines,
They were gathering like bees
Beneath the oaks and pines.

And the hero watched them now
As a man may look on death,
With a clouding of the brow
And a quickening of the breath.

For the traitors were a host
That hourly swelled and grew,
And around him at his post
The loyal men were few.

Then heavenward looked he,
And a prayer was in his eyes,
But the banner of the free
Waved between him and the skies.

And the blue of heaven was blent
With the stars, as if, just then,
'Twas an answer God had sent
To the leader and his men.

Up the hill the flag of truce
With its folds of dingy white,
Came as if it could seduce
Our General from the fight.

And the message that it brought
From the rebel in the wood
Was as if a coward wrought
As a scribe for General Hood.

"Now yield ye to our strength,
Ere we come with might and main,
For yield ye must at length,
And the bloodshed will be vain."

On the flag gazed General Corse,
As in thought, but not in doubt;
Then he leaned upon his horse,
And he wrote this answer out:

"Ye may come whene'er ye will,
Ye may come with might and main,
I will answer for it still
That the bloodshed is not vain."

Back, underneath the trees,
Went the flag of truce, and then,
Like clouds of climbing bees,
All the valley swarmed with men.

No pen can paint the strife,
Nor the long and desperate fight
When we gave life after life
For our flag and for the right.

We saw the false ranks reel,
And all the bloody morn
They sank beneath our steel
Like newly ripened corn.

Bleeding and faint our chief,
But watching still, he stood,
With a smile of grim relief,
The retreating ranks of Hood.

And he murmured, "I mourn the dead,
And blood has poured like rain,
But 'twas true as truth that I said,
It should not be shed in vain."

UNION REFUGEES.

We give on our first page an illustration representing **Union Refugees at Kingston, Georgia**, on their way North. The number of these arrivals is daily increasing. Since **Sherman** with the main body of his army advanced southward, abandoning Northern Georgia, this region has become one not very safe and pleasant to those who have by the presence of our army been emboldened to declare their preference for the old Union. The Richmond journals dwell upon the departure of these loyalists with peculiar satisfaction, on the ground that it diminishes that opposition in Georgia which has always been an element of danger to the Confederacy.

INSPECTION ON BOARD THE "METACOMET."

We have frequently given illustrations of the inspection of our land-forces. We give our readers this week on page 789 a representation of the crew and guns of the gun-boat *Metacomet* at their Sunday morning inspection. The *Metacomet* belongs to Admiral Farragut's Gulf Squadron, and mounts ten guns, some of which appear in the sketch. This is one of our lately-built gun-boats, having been in commission during the past year only. She took a prominent part in the capture of the forts and in the fight with the *Tennessee* in Mobile Bay last August.

FRONT AND REAR.

The interesting sketch which we give our readers this week on page 796 represents a curious but saddening feature of the battle-field. Look at the picture of the battle at the front, where our poor soldiers, battling for the country—theirs and ours—are risking precious lives, are suffering from severe, if not mortal, wounds, and their blood stains the contested field. Turn then from this picture and look to what is going on in the rear. Here, under shelter of heavy wagons, are teamsters and sutlers, and other non-combatants, playing cards, or engaged in other amusements, as regardless of what is going on a few rods distant at the front—what games contested or what problems solved—as if they were congregated together at a fair. Between the mimic strife in the rear and the exciting game at the front how short a space, but a contrast of what opposites!

THE STONE RIVER MONUMENT.

The Stone River battle-ground is in the vicinity of Murfreesborough, Tennessee. Indeed the battle there fought is frequently called the battle of Murfreesborough. The battle was fought on the last day of 1862 and the second day of 1863, and was one of the most severely contested on record. Our force, under General **Rosecrans**, numbered little more than 40,000, while General **Bragg** commanded an army of over 60,000. Our loss in killed amounted to 1500, in wounded to 7245; the total loss being twenty per cent. of the army engaged. The fighting really lasted during seven days, and resulted in our occupation of Murfreesborough. No more gallant fighting was ever done than by our army at Stone River, and it is fitting that over the resting-place of so many brave heroes should be erected this memorial of soldierly fellowship and of popular gratitude.

CAPTURE OF THE "HOPE."

We illustrate on page 797 the capture of the blockade-runner *Hope* by the United States steamer *Æolus* on the morning of October 22. The vessel was chased out from the bar of Cape Fear River and captured after a run of five hours. She was one of the finest of the fleet of blockade-runners; she was built in Liverpool in 1864 at a cost of £60,000. Her crew numbered sixty-eight men. She was built of steel, and her engines are from the Victoria Iron Works. She is 400 feet long, 40 feet beam, and is 1200 tons English measurement. Every thing about the ship at the time of its capture was in an excellent condition. Her cargo also was valuable. The *Æolus* is a small boat not intended for a sea-going vessel, presenting a great contrast to her prize, which is a powerful ocean steamer. She has since captured the *Lady Stirling*, bound from Wilmington to Nassau, with 960 bales of cotton.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The End of Table-Turning.—An inmate of a lunatic asylum, driven mad by Spiritualism, wishes to try to turn the multiplication-table.

A CANINE EPITAPH.

To kindred earth all dogs must pass—
This one's short life is over;
As people say, he's "gone to grass,"
Let's hope, poor dog, it's *clover*.

The son of a fond father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His father replied, "I should be glad to see you come home without a head, provided you come safe."

Why is October the right month for a pugilistic encounter?—Because it's the season for a brew, Sir.

"**Motto for Croquet**—"She Stoops to Conquer."

An Irishman was challenged at the polls in Windsor, Vermont, and his naturalization papers demanded. After much hesitation he handed over a paper that proved to be a bill against himself for two barrels of whisky.

A FISHY CONUNDRUM.

Q. Who swallowed Jonah?
A. The whale.
Q. Then why is a milkman like a whale?
A. Because he gets his prophet (profit) out of the water.

What are the two most sinful letters in the alphabet?—N V.

What are the two most intemperate letters of the alphabet?—X S.

What two letters of the alphabet shall become a necessary adjective?—S N shall.

What two letters of the alphabet are an ornithological adjective?—B K.

What two letters of the alphabet are most like a peacock?—P N.

What two letters of the alphabet have least in them?—M T.

What two letters of the alphabet are best to drink?—B R or A L.

What two letters of the alphabet are most like the cranium of a drone?—B Z.

What two letters of the alphabet resemble an affectionate remembrance?—A I.

What two letters of the alphabet are not cheap?—D R.

What two letters of the alphabet don't you want your tooth to be like?—A K.

"I say, old fellow, what are your politics?" said one friend, quizzing another. "Conservative; my father was Conservative," he replied. "And what is your religion?" continued the other. "Protestant; and my father was Protestant," was the answer. "And why are you a bachelor?" said the other. "Because my father was a—oh, confound it! don't bother me with your stupid questions."

CAUTION TO IMPOLITE BACHELORS.

A lady of our acquaintance, whose temper is not generally considered to be of the best, was insulted by a young gentleman. The incautious young man failed to admire a new bonnet she had on. Mark the retribution. She laid herself out for his capture, successfully—we regret to say—and now the poor wretch is not only bound to admire her bonnets, but, worse than all, to pay for them!

TOO LITERAL.

Customer (*who has been long waiting*). "I say, waiter, how long will my chop be?"
Waiter. "About four inches and a 'arf, Sir!"

A Question for the Housekeeper's Room.—Why is a lady preserving fruit like one of the West Indian Islands?—Because she becomes a Jam-maker.

A chiropodist in Paris commences his puff with these words: "All the world has corns; the fairest, boldest, best; Romeo doubtless had corns; Juliet had, probably, and you, ladies and gentlemen, need not blush to expose your feet to the operator."

Why is Shylock a most difficult character to perform?—Because it is almost an impossibility to do a Jew.

Beef Tea.—A venerable Scotch divine, who in his day and generation was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighboring parish. On her proposing to make some beef tea, he inquired what it was, and being informed he promised to drink it at his usual dinner-hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterward, when the lady was surprised to see the beef tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. "Ay, ay," quoth the divine, "the tea may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did!"

A Broth of a Conundrum.—From what city of Europe would you be most likely to get a basin of soup?—Turin (Tureen).

A Brave Man.—One who isn't afraid to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new.

Extraordinary Fact.—A modern physiologist notes the extraordinary fact that, at the dinner-table, every time a man crooks his elbow his mouth opens.

A gentleman being prevailed upon to taste a lady's home-made wine, was asked for an opinion of what he had tasted. "I always give a candid one," said her guest, "where eating and drinking are concerned. It is admirable stuff to catch flies."

Advice to Railroad Agents.—Have no ideas beyond your *station*.

Desertions from the battle-field may appropriately be called the *bolts* of war.

How to take Him.—"You don't know how to take me," said a vulgar fellow, to a gentleman he had insulted. "Yes I do," replied he, taking him by the nose.

The Price of a Coat.—A rich manufacturer at Sedan, somewhat remarkable for stinginess, went to a celebrated tailor at Paris to order a coat. He asked the price. "A hundred and fifty francs." He thought this rather dear. "I shall furnish my own cloth," he said. "Just as you like, Sir," replied the tailor. The coat having been sent, the manufacturer asked what he had to pay for the making. "A hundred and fifty francs," was again the answer. "But I furnished the cloth." "Sir," said the tailor, "I never reckon the cloth; I always give it into the bargain."

A "**Fire Escape.**"—When it breaks out.

Why is gas like poetry?—Because it is always found in metre.

Upon a traveler telling General Doyle, an Irishman, that he had been where the bugs were so large and powerful that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, the General wittily replied, "My good Sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called *humbugs*."

"Children," said a considerate matron to her assembled progeny, "you may have every thing you want, but you mustn't want any thing you can't have."

"So you are going to teach school?" said a lady to her maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children." "I would prefer that myself," was the quiet reply; "but where is the widower?"

The anger which flushes the face is not so deadly as that which makes it pale. The red heat is less intense than the white.

Consolation to Cripples.—Why is a man with a cork leg never likely to be forgotten by his friends?—Because he is re-membered.

Wanted.—The receipt which is given when a gentleman "pays his respects."

A country clergyman was a good deal astonished one day by the jollity of the mourners at a funeral "breakfast," and was gravely told in explanation, "Bless you, Sir, they're only dissembling their grief."

THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE.

"Ah! it's a nice thing to be the belle of the village; to walk down the little street with a quiet, independent air, and feignedly unconscious that all the marriageable girls are looking out with envy, and all the youths with love; tripping along toward the sea-shore, pretending not to see Fred Wilson, the young farmer, as he half reins in his stout cob to bow as he passes, and to walk by the retiring waves for an hour on the hard, firm sand, with a little coquettish soup-plate straw-hat upon the top of those wanton tresses, floating down and half-covering a charming little figure, every golden hair being a very chain dragging some poor heart at its end."

Not a bad soliloquy that for an old bachelor of five-and-forty, down by the sea-side for the benefit of his health and to get his broken wind mended. I had just turned out of my lodgings, and was following in the wake of the fair craft, Amy Ellis—when at Rome we must do as the Romans do; and being in a fishing village full of amphibious farmers, I of course felt it incumbent upon me to talk sea-slang, which of course I did very badly and out of place. I was soon down upon the sands among shingle, dog-fish, and skate eggs, star-fish, and jelly-fish, and the stranded shells of many a shipwrecked cockle.

I was not surprised upon reaching the shore to find that Fred Wilson had made a circuit, and crossing the sand-bank, had reached the spot where Amy was walking, and was now by her side, leading his horse by the rein. The sight put me in mind of a score of years before, of moonlight walks, of evening rambles, and wild-flower gathering, and I felt rather lonely as I thought of years slipped by, never to return, buried hopes and fears; and looking far out to sea at the pallid rising moon, I had gone into a deep fit of musing, living the past over again, and wondering as to the future, when my chain of thought was broken by the heavy thud, thud of Fred Wilson's horse as he cantered up to me. In a minute he pulled up at my side, and I was about to ask after Amy when I saw the last flutter of her ribbons, and the last wave of her hair as she stepped lightly through the gap in the sand-bank. Something was evidently wrong, for Fred was looking most fearfully blue. He was a favorite of mine, for I used to set him down as the *beau-idéal* of a bluff young Saxon farmer, and by way of cheering him up, I pressed him to sup with me, perhaps rather selfishly, for it would help to cheer me up, too.

I could see plainly enough what was the matter, and I had to use a great deal of persuasion before I could gain his consent; but I carried my point, and an hour afterward we were chatting over the fire, smoking some capital Havanas which I had brought down with me, and drinking some brandy-and-water, the essence of which had never paid duty, and under whose influence Fred had become communicative. He was in love, and Amy was a jilt—a flirt: he was half mad, he said, and nothing would give him any satisfaction but breaking the heads of Harry Henderson and a few others. But he would not do that; he would leave the place for good, that he would.

And so days and weeks rolled by, and my stay had almost reached its fullest limits.

I had only another day to spend at Delsthorpe, and felt rather reluctant to part from the quiet village and the hospitable friends I had met with. I felt, too, that I should regret much the salt sea-breeze which had given me back my health—richest pearl that the sea can produce. My last day was a *fête* day—"Delsthorpe Dancing," a day annually looked forward to as the reunion of friends and relations. The parties in some of the farm-houses mustered rather strongly, and it fell to my lot to be under the same roof as Amy Ellis and Fred Wilson. Cross purposes were rife; flirting was in the ascendant, and a dark cloud hovered over Fred's brow, growing blacker as the evening wore on.

At last, tired of the heated room, I made my escape to enjoy an evening walk upon the sands, and had hardly reached the intervening bank when I started as a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, the thick sand having muffled the footsteps of my follower. I found on turning that it was my young friend Wilson, and I could just see by the dusky twilight that he wore any thing but a pleasant aspect. I knew his complaint so well that I would not revert to it, but pulled out my cigar-case, and, lighting up, we climbed the sea-bank and sat down in silence. It was a warm, close, heavy autumn night, thick clouds hung overhead, and the darkness was fast closing round. The sullen wash of the water upon the piles, and the constant heavy roll of the waves upon the shingle added to the gloominess of the evening, while a sighing breeze, which kept coming in puffs and dying away again, seemed to my shore-going weather-wisdom to portend a storm. As the waves broke upon the shore their crests seemed, as it were, on fire, and the phosphorescent light wore the appearance of the tail of some huge rocket rushing along the sands. Fred's thoughts were evidently with the party we had left, and he smoked on in silence, while I watched the peculiar phenomenon before me. At length I broke the silence and said, "Is not this very much like a storm coming on, Fred?" But before he could reply a rough voice at my elbow exclaimed, "Storm it is, as sure as guns is guns; glass has been going down ever since one o'clock, and what with this heavy tide and the blow that's coming on, I reckon we shall have the bank pretty well shaved before morning."

Our informant was one of the revenue men, who, with his glass under his arm, had come up unobserved and given us the unasked benefit of his opinion on the weather. He touched his hat and walked on, and we could just see that he was busying himself with striking the top spar of the signal-mast, which stood on the highest part of the sand-bank.

"Tell you what," said Fred, "there's a rum one coming on, or else old Snodger would never be letting down the flag-staff, for he doesn't do that for a capful of wind. It's odd, too, you were saying you would like to see one of our storms, and here it is coming the very night before you leave; for come it will, that's certain. If old Snodger says a storm's brewing, you may depend upon seeing the yeast come flying over the sine-hills. By Jove! what a puff!" he continued, as a sudden gust nearly took his cap off.

"Well, I really should like to see one of the storms you describe," said I; "not a shipwreck, mind, and bodies washing ashore for days after, but a storm without injury to life or property; for indeed there is something majestic in the warring of the elements—the rushing winds, the scudding clouds, the metal-tube-like roar of the heavenly artillery, and the vivid flashing of the arrowy lightning. There is something to my mind intensely poetical in the majestic fury of a tempest."

"Yes, very," said my companion, dryly; "very poetical, no doubt; but, as in this case, intensely damp; and if you'll take my advice, you will come with me from among these pattering drops, and try to find a little more poetry indoors."

"Bravo, Fred!" I exclaimed; "that's the most sensible speech I've heard you make lately. I believe you are turning into the right road again, and are going to give a manly tone to the bent of your feelings."

"Ah, well," said the poor fellow, sighing, "it was about time; for I've made a fool of myself, or been made one of, quite long enough."

It was no time for further conversation without doors, for the rain was beginning to stream down, and the wind howling in fitful gusts over the "wat'ry waste." I hurried home, and after my customary chocolate and cigar, retired to my bedroom. Upon opening the casement, I could tell that the storm had much increased; but the darkness and rain proved themselves insuperable obstacles to my leaving the house to go storm-gazing; besides which the wind was not sufficiently high to create the "mountains high" waves that would satisfy the desire I felt to see a storm on the sea-coast.

Sleep fell softly on my eyelids—one of the great blessings of the sea air that may be commended to the sleepless. The wind rushing by the house lulled me to my rest, and I was soon in the land of dreams, or rather in that deep, sound repose whose waking banishes the sleeping workings of the brain. I must have slept for some time when a sudden noise, that seemed to my waking senses like thunder, roused me with a start, and I listened anxiously for a repetition of the sound. I looked toward my window, but every thing seemed of pitchy blackness, and for a time the startled pulsation of my heart, with its heavy throb, throb, was all that I could hear, beyond the furious wind which was now raging fearfully, making the house rock to its very foundations. Ever and anon there would be a lull, as when I first awoke, and then again the casement would rattle and the blast shriek by. Suddenly a flash illumined my room for an instant, there was a pause of a second or two, and then the loud boom, as of a gun, reverberated round the house. At first I took it for thunder, but my collecting thoughts told me it was a distress signal. I turned out of bed and hastily dressed, and on going to the window I could see that there was a fire on the shore. Directly after a vivid blue light shone out seaward, and by its glare I could discern some thick black mass in the distance. It was now plain enough to me that a vessel was on the sands, for they bore but an ill repute, and I had heard more than one tale of their fatality.

On descending the stairs I found my landlady up, and comforting herself with a cup of coffee, and from her I learned that the whole village was on the shore, for a large vessel had come on the sands. Resisting the old lady's persuasions to have a cup with her, I ran down to the beach, and on passing the opening in the bank was for a time dazzled by a large fire upon the sands, which was blazing up and roaring beneath the violence of the wind, and lighting up the assembled crowd. Where the vessel lay all was intensely black, for the light did not pierce so far; but the foaming waves, as they rolled over and tumbled with fearful violence upon the beach, seemed to reflect the fiery beams in vivid flashes.

People were running to and fro, excitedly giving orders which no one executed; the mortar had been tried again and again, but the men could not get any communication with their rope to the vessel, and if they could have done so, the advantage would have been very doubtful, as the sea had risen to a fearful height. Another flash, and a report from the vessel sent a thrill through the breasts of those who burned to render aid, but were helpless; and a chill struck to my heart as I thought of the dire straits of my fellow-creatures. An excited crowd on my left then took my attention, and I reached the spot to find that the life-boat had been brought down in its truck, but could not be manned. Most men shrank from encountering such a sea, and those who would have dared it were dragged back by wives or mothers, half frantic with fear. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene; the roar of the cruel waves was deafening; here and there they threw up cask, spar, or plank, only, as it were, to pounce upon it and drag it back within their angry clutches as they came racing in, chasing one another till they arched over and broke in cataracts upon the sands, drenching us with the spray. The wind came tearing by with redoubled fury, and as straw, fagots, and drift-wood were piled upon the fire, the sparks and flames rushed in a stream landward, and blazed up afresh upon the wild scene. On nearing the boat I saw Fred earnestly talking to the men, and in reply to my inquiring look an old man shouted in my ear that half the crew were not fit to go from "the drink," and they wanted volunteers.

All at once a light form with streaming hair rushed up to Wilson and clung wildly to his arm, and, as I stood by his side, Amy Ellis exclaimed, "But you will not go, Fred? Oh, tell me you will not be so mad! Oh, stop him!" she appealed to those standing by, "do not let him go!" Then turning again to Fred, she continued, almost shrieking, for the wind swept away her words, "Oh, Fred, stay, stay; for my sake, stay!"

But bitterness was in the heart of Fred Wilson, and with a cold gesture he loosened her hands from his arm, and turning to me, made a sign that I should remove her. I half led, half carried her away, and turning my head, saw Fred Wilson climb into the boat, shouting, "Now, my lads, who dares?"

Amy was sobbing and wringing her hands, and begged pathetically that I would go back and stop him, struggling to free herself from me.

Two or three of the neighbors relieved me of my half-fainting burden, and I turned back toward the life-boat.

To be awakened at any time from a sound sleep to some scene of excitement always produces an indescribable feeling of there being a want of reality in what passes, but never did I feel this more strongly than on that fearful night. The deafening roar of the waves and the howling of the mighty wind had a bewildering effect with which it was hard to combat, and I felt as if in some wild fevered dream, from which I was anxious to awake and be freed. The boat was only three parts manned, for the men, brave though they were, dared not face the night. Old weather-beaten fishermen shook their heads at it and shouted to one another that "she must bide, for they'll never launch her," and I, knowing the peril of those on board, gnawed my lips at my own impotence and want of energy.

All this had occurred in a very few minutes, and even in that short space the gale seemed to have increased in fury. At times it was almost impossible to stand against it, and with clothes drenched with spray, it seemed to numb and paralyze mind as well as body. Another blue light from the vessel showed where she lay, and we heard, or fancied we heard, the shouts of those on board, for they were only five or six hundred yards distant. Every one present was in a state of the greatest excitement, and though fresh arrivals were constantly appearing, all shrank from a combat with the fearful sea now running.

I appealed to a stout fellow by me and pointed to the boat, but he shook his head as a knot collected round, and he but acted as the mouth-piece of the group as he said, "It's no use, maister. It 'ud be on'y gettin' shut of one's life. She must go to pieces directly; an' as to Maister Fred there, he couldn't find a gainer way to the church-yard than tryin' to launch that boat."

I found I had only to look at a man after this for him to turn away, and, sick at heart, I felt that the venture must be desperate when these men, born and life-spent upon this spot, dared not make the attempt.

On looking round I found old Wilson by my side, a fine old gray-haired farmer, with a coil of rope on his shoulder. On seeing me he spoke, and I could see the old man was all of a tremble as in a broken voice he said, "There's my boy trying to get out the boat, and I can't go and stop him. I can't stand here and know some of God's creatures are being choked with the sea-water and howd my lad back from going; but Lord knows, Sir, I shall be ready to down on my knees if they can't launch her."

If I were asked, and gave a frank reply, I should say that I was decidedly and constitutionally a coward. As a boy at school I dreaded fighting, and it was only after repeated blows and ill-usage of various kinds that the pugilistic spirit was roused within my breast which proved a terror to my enemies, and drove away Jack Brown, our bully who would fight, crying, with the bridge of his nose seriously damaged. And on this memorable night, surrounded by the excited crowd, and with Fred Wilson appealing for volunteers, I felt my heart flutter within my breast, and a nervous trembling about my knees, all the symptoms of cowardice. Love of self, thoughts of home and friends whom I might see no more, the danger of the enterprise, the boiling surf, and the mighty billows chasing each other madly shoreward, all tended to increase the feeling; and then came a reaction; another gun made the blood tingle through my veins, and by the flash of another rocket I fancied I could see forms clinging to the rigging of the dark, indistinct mass out on the sands.

I looked at Fred as he stood at the boat's head, with the blazing fire lighting up his noble countenance, as he frowned on the shrinking crowd before him, and then, with a muttered "God help me!" I was at his side, followed by a volley of cheers. The cheers broke forth again, for my example was followed, and two stout young fellows climbed in after me. There was a squeeze of the hand from Fred, and then in a whirl of excitement I was in my place, with a strong ash blade in my hand, ready with my companions in the boat to battle with the cruel sea.

Rushing waters—choking spray—blinding surf—and the noise as of a thousand cataracts in one's ears, and we were launched amidst the boiling caldron of mad billows. A sharp, short struggle, and we were beaten back and the boat almost stove in by being dashed upon the beach. It was quickly upon the truck, and a hundred yards off, under the semi-shelter of a row of piles, we were again launched, and this time with better success, backing water to the direction of our cockswain, and rising and falling like a cork upon the mighty waves which seemed almost to curl over into the boat. As we receded from the shore my cowardly feelings fled, and I felt in a perfect frenzy, straining at my oar with nerves in a state of tension for the battle with the waters.

At last, after a tremendous struggle with winds and waves, we were under the lee of the stranded vessel, and then it was some time before we could communicate with her by a rope. Go close up we dared not; for the waves made a clean sweep over her decks, and the passengers and crew, about thirty in number, had now taken to the rigging, which sloped over toward us as the vessel lay upon her beam-ends. At length we got ten in our boat—one poor fellow, numbed with the cold, missing his hold of the rope, and with pale, agonized face disappearing in the hissing waters. Another struggle with the breakers, and our freight was landed. Brandy was hurriedly partaken of, and soon we were again under the vessel's lee, returning this time with eleven fainting creatures, who slid down the rope of communication. We landed them, and then, half exhausted, we returned for the remainder of the crew, who were clinging fast to the mainmast.

The moon was just sullenly breaking, and arms were frantically waving as we neared the vessel, which lifted with each wave, and then came down with a fearful crash. It was evident she must soon go to pieces, and we strained every nerve to new exertion in order to finish our task.

As we reached them the mast went by the board, and the drowning wretches were plunged into the boiling surf. We were backing water toward the vessel, and consequently were going stern foremost, and in obedience to our cockswain's warning cry we pulled forward to avoid the tangled mass of rigging close by us. Two men were clinging to a spar, and we reached them and took them off, one of them holding with a deadly grip a submerged body, which we took in as well. The others had disappeared, and we were about rowing shoreward when a hand rose from the waters and clutched my oar. Its owner was dragged in, and then, with failing strength and flagging energies, blinded and almost fainting, we again tried to battle with the surf.

I remember little more, except seeing, after a quarter of an hour's hard rowing, the heads of the piles appear for a moment from amidst the seething waves, and then there was a crash and a heavy shock; the boat was capsized, and we were all struggling in the water. Thought seemed crushed within me; I knew it was a struggle for life or death, and I essayed to swim; but I don't recollect feeling any particular dread or fear. How long my struggle lasted I can not tell, but it was ended by my being dashed by the waves upon a pile; and I recollected no more until I found myself lying on the sand, surrounded by a throng of anxious faces, while by my side, pale and still, his face gashed across, lay Fred Wilson, our gallant cockswain.

Sobbing, weeping, and ringing both her hands, holding his head in her lap, knelt little Amy, and even in the half-confused state in which I felt I could not help something like a grim smile coming across my face at the sight before me, so perfect an exemplification was it of a woman's nature. Rough but willing hands were pressing "sups" of brandy upon me, the effect of which was to make me try to rise, but only to sink back helpless; for I found I had a dislocated knee, and in company with the seemingly lifeless body of poor Fred, I was placed in a donkey-cart and taken to the Wilsons'.

The rest of our party, as I afterward learned, were safe, but any thing but sound; for bruised—in one instance maimed—and half drowned, they had been dragged ashore by those awaiting their return.

I staid at Wilson's house waiting for convalescence, and sharing with Fred in the ministrations of little Amy. Poor Fred was nearly at death's door on one occasion, for the shock of his blow, the excitement, and the terrible cut he received, left him with a wild fever, from which he recovered but slowly. But Amy—quiet, subdued, little tearful-eyed Amy—came every day, and Fred seemed in no hurry to get well. I hobbled about with a crutch and a stick, and one afternoon, when just waking from my after-dinner doze, I heard subdued voices in the adjoining apartment. In my half-waking state I can not be sure of their import, but they sounded like, "Never tease again, darling?"

"Never, dear Fred, oh, never!"

And then followed something like a sob or a sigh, and a sound that put me in mind of lying when a child in a little white covered cot, with a fair, sweet face bending over me, and a pair of soft lips parting from mine to whisper, "God bless you!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A writer for one of the rebel journals gives the following bit of gossip in regard to the handwriting of Generals Lee and Grant:

"The correspondence between General Lee and General Grant is now before me, and I have been much struck by the handwriting of these two ablest Generals the war has brought forward on either side. General Lee's handwriting is bold and rather stiff, his letters being large, round, and very distinct. He bears heavily upon the pen—probably a goose quill—and abbreviates many of his words, as if writing were a labor to him. The following is an exact transcript of the first sentence in his letter to General Grant:

"'Gen'l,—I have rec'd your letter of the 13th inst. accomp'g copies of letters from Judge Ould Comm'r of Exchange of Pris'rs on the part of the Conf'ate States, & the Honb'le E. M. Stanton Sec'y of War and Lt. Col. Mulford Asst. Comm'r of Exc. of the U. States.'

"General Grant's handwriting, on the contrary, though not so bold and distinct, nor the letters so large and round and erect, is nevertheless very legible and very striking. It is full of energy and action, and his letters all incline to the right, and follow one after another with a little space between them, as if they represented an equal number of his brigades on a rapid march around Lee's right. Among chirographers his hand would be called a running hand. The words occupy much space from left to right, and still they are very clear and legible. He pays more attention to punctuation, abbreviates less, and is equally careful of his i's and t's. It may be the work of imagination, yet in reading his letter I can not but picture the writer as a restless, nervous, energetic man, full of fire and action, always in motion, and always in a hurry.

"The handwriting of both of these great men is what would be denominated as experienced and characteristic. Neither of them writes well, and neither of them would be selected to take charge of a country school, if their selection depended upon their chirography. Thus we have two more witnesses, in two men who occupy more of this world's attention at this time than any other two living, that 'great men write poor hands.'"

French journals relate the following instance of fortitude on the part of a little boy only eight years old, the son of a laborer named Malhaux, living at Farciennes (Belgium). One evening, a few weeks since, he was sent by his mother to fetch a loaf from a baker's on the opposite side of the railway. On his return, when passing a level crossing about 150 paces from the Farciennes station, he saw a train approaching, and in his alarm stumbled and fell. He nevertheless had the presence of mind to roll into the space between the rails and lie still. Unhappily, the clearing-iron caught his blouse and dragged him along till the train stopped at the station, but the wheels had, meanwhile, passed over one of his arms and cut it nearly off. When liberated he exclaimed, looking at his mangled limb, "Pray, do not tell mother!" and asked the by-standers to fetch his loaf. It was found necessary to amputate the arm, and chloroform having been applied without inducing insensibility, he bore the operation with the utmost courage, and only asked once or twice if the surgeons would soon have done. His arm soon healed, and the little fellow returned to school as gay and cheerful as his companions.

A letter from Mexico in the *Siècle* mentions a singular kind of lottery which is annually drawn in that capital, and gives a copy of the printed notice which has been posted up on the subject: "In the convent of San Lorenzo, in this capital, there is drawn every year, on the eve of the Octave of the Ascension, a lottery of masses, which are said on the following day for the souls of those who have gained prizes. The number of them is in proportion to the sum received, and a certain part of the masses are also supplied to the souls of those who, having taken part in the lottery, have not gained prizes. Notice of the whole is afterward given to the public; that is to say, the list of the persons who have gained, and the number of masses applied to each of them. Those who wish to put any soul in the lottery may apply at the said convent. The entrance is half a real for each soul. The money is received by the porter."

Wachusett.—Our glorious hills have furnished names for many of the new vessels added to the United States Navy. One of these boats, the *Kearsarge*, has already gained world-wide fame by her victory over the *Alabama*. The *Wachusett* has now attained a similar prominence by taking the pirate *Florida*. Wachusett mountain is in Princeton, Worcester County, Massachusetts. Its height is about 2000 feet, and, as it is unobstructed by neighboring elevations, is frequently seen from vessels in Massachusetts Bay. Wachusett is also visible from most of the hills in the vicinity of Boston.

General Garibaldi, who is in the way of doing all sorts of eccentric things, has refused to accept the yacht bought and fitted up for him at Liverpool. It is full of all sorts of presents—two hundred smoking caps, two hundred pairs of embroidered slippers, innumerable pipes and pin-cushions, canned meats, and fruits for several years' provisions.

Heathen Gods and their "Services."—The Pekin *Gazette* publishes a report from the Chinese Government on the extinction of the rebellion, which ends with the following words: "It is therefore most needful that thanks be offered to the gods for their assistance. Wherefore the Board of Rites is directed to examine into the services rendered by the different gods, and to report to us."

A Novelty in Chapel building.—A Scotch paper records the opening of a new Baptist chapel, every stone of which has been quarried by the hands of the minister. It is on the island of Lismore, standing almost in the middle of Loch Lhinne, and the minister is Alexander Livingston, one of the agents of the Baptist Missionary Society for Scotland. He has not only given the site, but, to lessen the expense, has with his own hands quarried every stone, besides assisting as a laborer to the workmen. It is 30 feet long and 20 feet wide, and comfortably seated for 150 persons.

Extraordinary Superstition in France.—The following extraordinary affair has caused great excitement in the town and neighborhood of Havre: As a sportsman named Lemonnier was out shooting in a small wood not far from the cemetery of St. Addresse, he found the dead body of an old woman wrapped up in a shroud. He immediately informed the authorities, and the body was recognized as that of a Madame Allain, aged eighty-two, buried at St. Addresse on the 24th ult. It was at first supposed that the corpse had been disinterred for the purpose of stealing any jewelry that might have been buried with it, but a closer examination having shown that the corpse had in part been deprived of the skin, and that the chest and abdomen had been cut open, it was concluded that some believer in witchcraft had taken the skin and fat to use as charms in his incantations. It appears that a belief in the magical virtues of human remains is prevalent in that neighborhood, for only a few months since a young mason dug up a body in the same cemetery, cut off one hand and burned it to ashes, which he mixed with gunpowder, in the belief that he should then be able to shoot game without his gun making any report to attract the notice of the garde champetre.

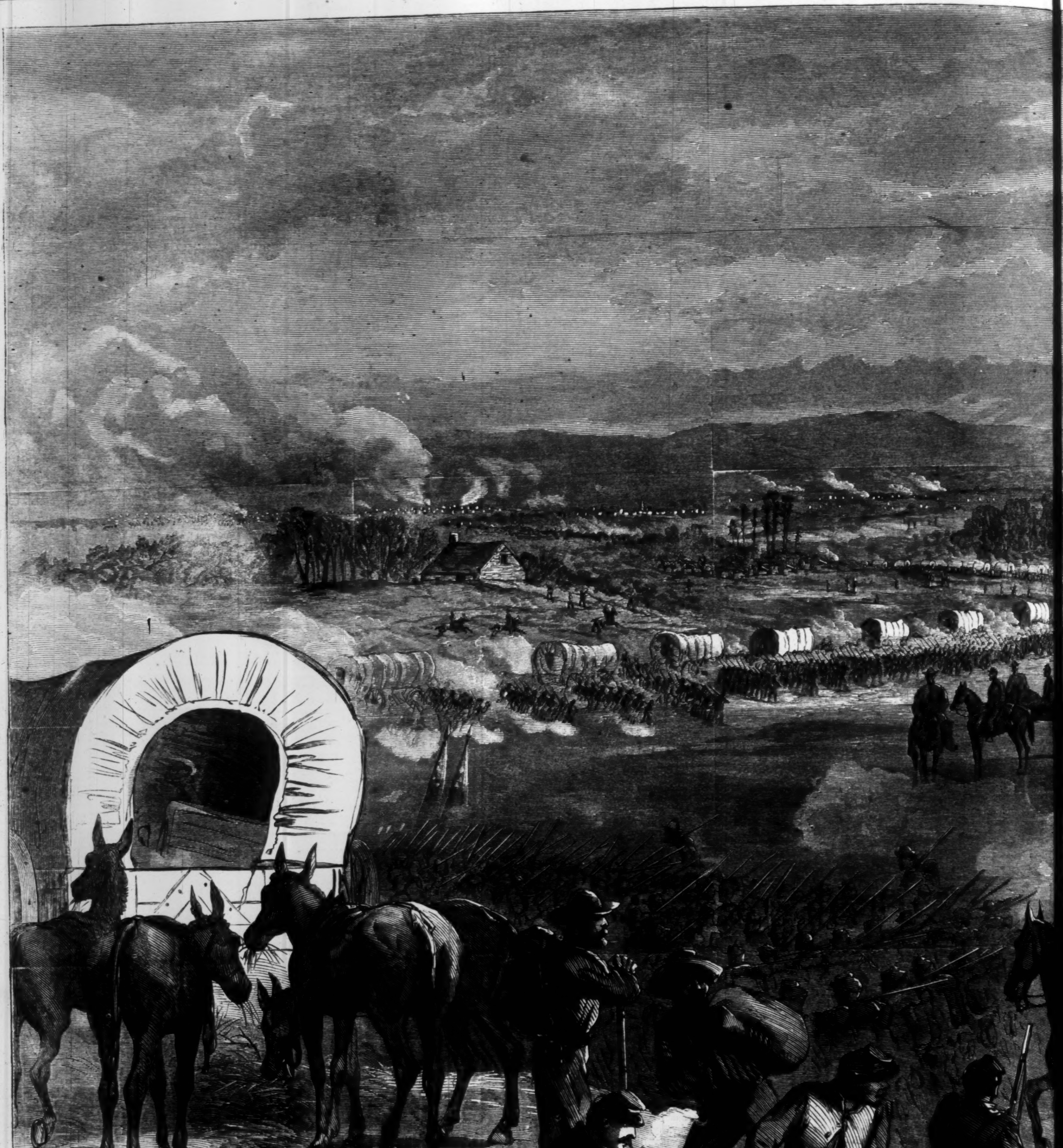
The Bridemaid Engaged.—She is sparing of her smiles, is the bridemaid engaged! Her manner is distant to a painful degree. She exercises none of her charms upon you; she wishes you to understand that she is another's; she is so confoundedly anxious to give you no encouragement that at times she is simply rude. The greater her beauty, the more utterly extinguishing is this behavior. Your efforts to get up a pleasant and easy conversation become more and more feeble; and at last you sink back in your chair, silent, crushed, hopeless; feeling as if you were sitting on the shady side of an iceberg; or as if, like the wedding-cake, you had been lately frosted—but not with sugar. Her reasons for this conduct are sound enough. She is engaged to another, and she wishes to save you the disappointment which you will assuredly suffer in case you fall in love with her—a misfortune she too hastily considers certain, unless she puts some restraint upon her fascinations. Accordingly, she restrains them so carefully that her smiles, like dogs in the dog-days, are all muzzled, or led by a string; and her glances are so cold, and her answers so curt, that, far from falling in love with her yourself, you are lost in astonishment that another should have had the audacity to do so. There is but one way to thaw the coldness of the bridemaid engaged—lead her to suppose that you are yourself engaged, or, still better, married, and she will be a different girl in a moment.

A Hindoo Sorceress.—A correspondent of the Bombay *Gazette*, in the Central Provinces, relates an incident as having occurred at Raepore, which he had obtained from a highly intelligent native gentleman of his acquaintance. He (the intelligent native) was with a great concourse of people at a fair held near the town of Raepore, and, while sauntering with many other strangers in the fair, one of them began bargaining with two women of middle age for some very fine sugar-canes. The man got angry and took up one of them, when the woman seized the other end, and a struggle ensued. The purchaser offered a fair price; the seller demanded double. The crowd looked on, and a good deal of abuse of the female relations on both sides took place. At last a policeman came up, and called out to the man to let go his hold of the sugar-cane. He refused, saying, that "when people came to the fair to sell they should be made to sell at reasonable prices or be turned out." "I," said the informant, "thought the man right, and told the policeman so, and that if he took the part of the woman we would take the man's part, and see fair play. Without further ceremony the Peeler with a knife cut the cane in two in the middle, and pointing to both pieces, 'There,' said he, 'you see the cause of my interference.' We looked down and actually saw blood running from both pieces, and forming a little pool on the ground. The fact was the woman was a sorceress of the very worst kind, and was drawing the blood from the man through the cane to feed the abominable devil from whom she derived her detestable powers; but for the timely interference of the policeman he would have been dead in another minute; but he no sooner saw the blood than he fainted. He had hardly any blood left in him, and could not walk for ten days."

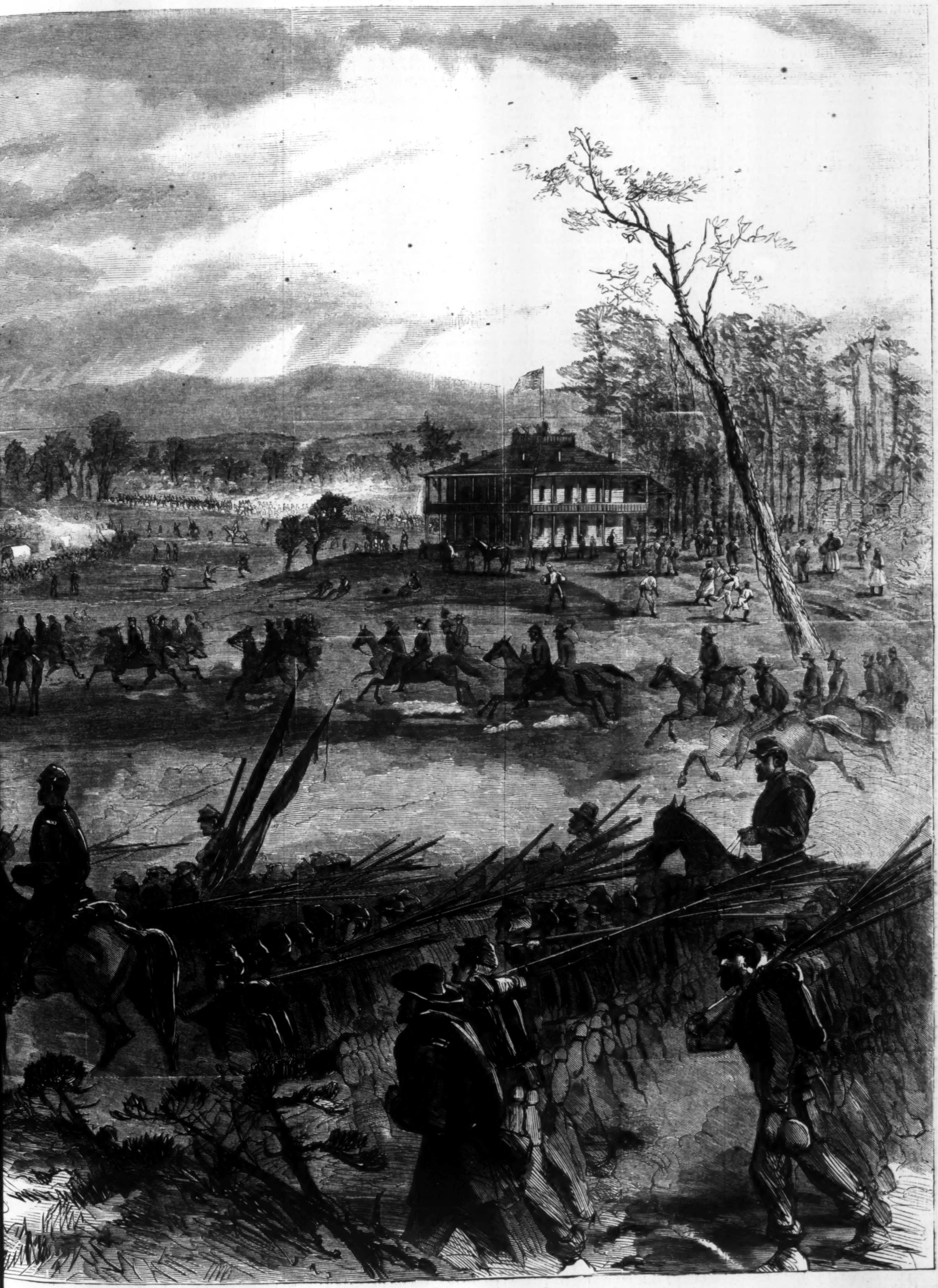
The Foundling Hospital of Paris.—As we entered it there was the subdued babble of children of various ages, down to the little thing that could just totter alone. The invalids, who were ordered not to rise, were lying on iron beds placed in rows against the walls, with tickets over the head of each bed describing the case or treatment of the sufferer. In the centre of the room were groups of little children, all dressed in blue, interspersed with sisters and nurses, who were chatting to them, or patting their cheeks, or attending to their wants. One sister was laughingly teaching a little girl, apparently about two years old, to pronounce two or three difficult words. The child bungled, and the sister tried again; and then the two laughed together. These were the convalescents, and were about to be sent to their proper sections in the new buildings. Opposite this sick ward was the surgical ward. It was arranged like that which I have just described, but it was a most distressing place to be in. Nearly every child in it appeared to be suffering acute pain, and the crying was one incessant chorus that smote to the heart. It was pitched in every key. There was the sharp, short cry of intense pain, and the moaning sob of the dull even ache. I noticed only one child that seemed to be at peace. She was a little girl with a bright and happy face, a little wearied by sickness, with her toys lying idle upon the bed under her thin white hands. From this surgical ward my attendant conducted me down the corridor to the weaning department. It was a room much smaller than those I had hitherto entered, and was inhabited by a set of babies who appeared to object most decidedly to the process they were undergoing. A sister, with a baby in her arms, advanced to meet us. It was curious to remark how tender she was with the sick child she held in her arms, and yet how business-like and hard in her manner when she spoke of its death as certain. She lifted its hand and showed it to me and the attendant, and then went rapidly through the fatal symptoms of her charge. I could see that this sister was a most kindly and gentle creature, and that what appeared hardness was only long custom. Death, to her, was an everyday visitor, whose presence was not more startling than the rising sun.

Leprosy in India.—The disease generally manifests itself at from twenty to thirty years of age, and proves fatal in from twelve to thirty. It is, however, very seldom in itself attended by such results; but it commonly induces a predisposition to other diseases, such as dysentery, low fever, etc., from which the patient generally dies. It is allowed that it more commonly attacks the male sex; but as females can and do conceal the disease, and are themselves prevented from appearing in public when belonging to any but the poorer classes, this assertion must be accepted with an allowance. Opinions appear to be divided as to whether it attacks Europeans in this country or not. It affects Hindoos and Mohammedans almost equally, and occurs both among high-caste men, who eat only vegetables, and low-caste men, who eat every thing. The disorder is by some attributed to the miserable way in which natives live, in foul, unventilated houses, alongside of miasmatic marshes and heaps of all kinds of filth, wearing clothes which they never put off except for a few minutes when they dip them in some pond, and their generally unclean habits. But in this some of the writers can not agree. The disease is considered hereditary. Dr. Paske, of Saharunpore, states that the belief in the hereditary transmission of this disease was so deeply grounded in the minds of the Rajabeer generally that they were in the habit of burying alive not only the leper himself, but all his relatives and friends, lest in multiplying their kind the disease should be communicated to distant generations. Of course the practice has been checked by Government. In Shreenugger, Gurhwal, a similar custom prevailed. Every person affected with leprosy was buried alive, a father burying his son, and a son his father. Here also Government interposed. Although the natives believe that leprosy is contagious, the authors of the reports on this subject are decidedly of a different opinion. Lepers retain their wives, who are never affected; hospital servants who wash the ulcers of these unhappy sufferers remain free; wealthy lepers entertain men for the same purpose, who wash and dress their sores once or twice a day, and are in constant attendance on them, and are yet untouched by the disorder. Dr. Corbin, of Bareilly, mentions an instance of a woman who is a leper being employed as a cook in a public serai, and she assured him that no objection had ever been made by travelers to food prepared by her.

What a Sweet Idea!—The latest fashionable freak noticeable on the drivers of Bois de Boulogne, probably suggested by the prevalent mania for ringlets colored red, is the rather novel phenomenon of ladies' lap-dogs similarly metamorphosed in a variety of fictitious tints. Green dogs, yellow dogs, and pugs sky-blue, are at present much in vogue, and *Le Sport* devotes an article to this daring innovation.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S GRAND MARCH TH UGH



UGH CENTRAL GEORGIA.—[See Page 786.]

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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CHAPTER LX.

SIR WILLIAM LONG had called many times upon Lily in her new home, hovering about her with a throbbing heart, and a declaration of love faltering upon his tongue. That pure and tender love had rolled back twenty years of his life. He had feasted his full upon all the vain pleasures of the world, and had become weary of them; but now, with the image of Lily's sweet innocent face ever before him, his zest for life was renewed: he felt that there was yet something better worth living for than all the empty pleasures in which he had wasted his youth.

The old Indian had received him kindly, and shown him much favor. He was flattered by the baronet's attentions, and liked his company. From that quarter he had every encouragement. Lily, too, was always glad to see him, and often expressed her gratitude for all his kindness. But it was only gratitude. Sir William saw that she was still thinking of Edgar, although the idol had revealed its worthless clay, and the scales had fallen from her too trusting eyes.

Constant, who was aware of Sir William's passion, and favored it, wrote to the baronet and informed him of the discovery of Edgar. Sir William immediately called at the hotel and learned all particulars. The letter did not surprise him, but he was infinitely relieved to find that Lily's eyes were at last opened, and that she had escaped the danger which he so much dreaded. So pure and disinterested was his love for the girl, that for the moment he had no thought of himself. And so scrupulous was his sense of honor that he drew a check for two hundred pounds, and insisted upon Constant sending it to the scape-grace in fulfillment of the promise that had been implied, if not actually made, by the overtures of Franz Stimm.

"The scamp does not deserve it," said Constant.

"Perhaps not," said the baronet; "but that is no reason that we should be less than gentlemen. Get the check cashed at the bank, and give him the money in your own name."

The money was duly conveyed to Edgar, and the first thing he did on getting out of the sponging-house was to array himself in a dandified suit of clothes and call at Pomeroy's Hotel. Constant met him in the hall. The sultan was as high and mighty, as haughty and insolent as ever. He leaped from his cab and swaggered into the hotel with the confident air of an invading Cæsar. His manner said as plainly as any words, "I have come, and when I have seen I shall conquer."

"You may depend upon me, my good fellow," he said to Constant, with a patronizing air. "Your trouble shall be well rewarded; but between you and me and the post," he added, tapping Constant on the shoulder with his cane, "I begin to suspect that the little party sent you, eh?"

Constant could scarcely keep his temper.

"You had better see the lady yourself," he said. "I will send up your card. No doubt Miss Blunt will be glad to see you."

Greyfaunt started at the name.

"Blunt!" he said; "is that her name?"

"I should have thought," said Constant, "you would be acquainted with the name of a lady who is so devoted to you."

"Well," said Greyfaunt, "her mother called herself Madame Ernestine; but then these circus women take all sorts of absurd names. I only knew the girl as Lily. Surely her father was not that dirty, drunken Griffin Blunt, who put an end to his miserable existence in the Seine?"

"Miss Blunt's father was a gentleman, Sir," said Constant, glaring at him angrily. "But here is Miss Blunt's answer."

The servant who had taken up Greyfaunt's card here returned and presented him with a letter.

"I am instructed," he said, "to return this to you, and to say that Miss Blunt has read it."

Greyfaunt was completely taken aback. He saw at a glance that it was his own letter, the letter he had addressed to Constant. He opened it hurriedly to make sure, and his eye fell upon his own words, "If you serve me in this you shall have no reason to complain of your share of the plunder."

"Why, what does this mean?" Edgar stammered out.

"It means, Sir," said Constant, "that the lady is now aware of your true character, and has nothing more to say to you."

"And *you* did this?" said Greyfaunt, with an assumed air of indignation.

"Yes, *I* did it," Constant replied, deliberately, "and from the bottom of my soul I rejoice to think that I have saved this innocent young lady from the toils of a worthless wretch."

"Insolent scoundrel!" he cried, "how dare you insult a gentleman?" And in the heat and passion of the moment he struck at Constant with his cane.

The hotel-keeper avoided the blow, and with great coolness walked up to the dandy, wrenched his cane from him, and broke it across his knee. "Turn that man out of the hotel!" Constant said, in a tone of command to his servants.

Two stalwart fellows in livery immediately stepped forward, and, seizing Greyfaunt by the collar, hurried him down the steps, and thrust him into the street, Constant throwing his broken cane after him.

It is possible that the crest-fallen sultan, as he slunk out of Great Grand Street that day, recalled a similar scene in Paris in which he had some share. Poor Griffin Blunt was avenged.

Lily's first feeling, when she perused the damnatory letter addressed to Constant, was one of bitter grief. But when she began to reflect, and to examine her heart, the feeling became one of shame. She had deceived herself; and in her blind selfishness had been ungrateful to one who loved her tenderly and truly. When she went back to the retrospect of that Greenwich dinner, and remembered how she carried away with her the image of the tall, handsome gentleman who was so good and kind, who took her on his knee and petted her fondly, who kissed her so tenderly and gently at parting—when she remembered that it was this image which she carried away with her to Paris, that it was this image that she clung to and loved, and that Edgar was merely a new presence of outward beauty which she had indued with all the generous qualities of the tall, handsome form that was fading from her memory—she hid her face in her hands and sobbed for very shame. The god of her idolatry was Sir William Long; and all this time she had worshiped a mere joss, which her fancy had invested with his attributes.

Sir William sought no interview with Lily until after the first shock of her disenchantment had passed away. He called every day, however, to make kind inquiries, and always left a card, which Constant never failed to send up to Lily's room.

At first Lily was relieved to find that he did not ask to see her. She was afraid that he would despise her. She at least felt that she was not worthy of any other regard. She reproached herself bitterly, and often sat for hours in her own room rocking herself to and fro, beating her throbbing brow with her little hands and crying pitifully.

"How can I ever look in that good, generous face again? What will he think of me?"

But as days passed on, and Sir William still continued to call and leave a card without asking to see her, Lily began to feel uneasy. Did he despise her? and were these merely calls of formal courtesy? Her heart took alarm, and she found herself anxiously asking why he did not come. Every afternoon, about the time he was accustomed to call and leave his card, she found herself standing behind the curtains of her uncle's grand sitting-room, peeping out into the street to watch for his brougham. Many broughams and carriages drove up to the door of Pomeroy's in the course of an afternoon, and Lily had no means of recognizing Sir William's carriage unless she saw Sir William himself. One day a brougham stopped, and Constant approached the door, and stood talking for a few minutes with its unseen occupant. At the close of the colloquy Lily observed a card given out to the hotel-keeper by a long, thin, white hand. It was his hand! Could she ever forget it! The hand which had fondled and patted her at Greenwich—the hand upon which she had noticed the great signet ring engraved with the little bird, whose motto was "Hope and Fortune."

Fortune had come, and she valued it not a straw. The grandeur by which she was surrounded chilled and terrified her; the jewels which her uncle had given her were weary chains binding her to a blank and soulless life. The hope at her breast, the hope of love and peace, had yet to be fulfilled.

"Oh, why does he not come? why does he not come?"

The very next day the brougham drove up to the door, and from her love's watch-tower behind the silken curtain Lily saw Sir William get out and enter the hotel. Almost the next instant the servant announced him.

Lily's heart was fluttering in her breast like a scared bird in a cage. The room swam before her eyes, and she was about to fall, when her hands were gently seized and tenderly imprisoned between two others. She heard her name mentioned, and lifting up her eyes from the ground she saw, looking down upon her, the calm, earnest, loving face which had first won her child's heart, the bright vision of which had so long sustained and cheered her in the time of her misery and solitude.

"Tell me, Lily," said Sir William, almost doubtfully, "am I welcome? Are you glad to see me?"

Lily could not reply. Her eyes fell, her head dropped upon her bosom, and she sank upon a couch.

Sir William sat down beside her and begged for an answer.

"Lily, Lily," he said, "I have loved you with the same love ever since you were a little child at Greenwich. Have you forgotten it?"

Poor Lily! It only pained her the more that he should think she had forgotten that bright day. She felt in her conscience that she had given him reason to think so.

"Forgotten it!" she said. "Oh no, no, no!"

"Do you remember it well?" said the baronet.

"As if it were yesterday," Lily replied.

"Do you remember," he continued, "do you remember asking me if I were good? I was not good then, but I became a better man from that day. You asked me if I ever went to church? I confessed to you that I never went to church. But I went to church on the following Sunday, and on many Sundays after that. Do you remember the apple, and throwing the peel over my left shoulder, when it fell upon the carpet in the shape of the letter W? You clapped your hands and said, 'How nice!' and asked me to be your sweet-heart. But you were a child then. You don't remember it as I do."

Quite unconsciously Sir William was cutting poor Lily to the very quick. She remembered all these things, and had thought of them often and often, clinging to them with a longing, loving heart, until the day that Edgar appeared. Then she began to forget. But he had cherished all these things to this day.

"Oh, Sir William," she cried, "you make me feel that I have been very ungrateful, very foolish, very wicked!"

"Lily!" he exclaimed; "what have I said to pain you?"

"Nothing," she said. "It is not you who have given me pain; I have made the scourge for myself. I know the deep debt of gratitude I owe you—"

"Still that cold word, Lily," he said, pitifully.

She hung her head and sobbed.

"Sir William," she continued through her tears, "I ought to throw myself at your feet and beg your forgiveness on my knees; you, who have been so good, so kind, so trusting; while I—but I can not speak what is at my heart. Leave me now; I am not worthy of you; let me write to you and explain all, and then if you can forgive me—"

Her tears choked her utterance. She rose suddenly, gave him her hand, and rushed from the room, sobbing bitterly.

Sir William left the hotel with a sad heart, sorely troubled and perplexed. He could only guess at the cause of Lily's distress. He discerned that she reproached herself for something—for having loved the worthless Edgar, perhaps. Or possibly she might have discovered that he, Sir William, was her mother's unknown benefactor at Ranelagh, and was pained that she could not requite that kindness with love. And then he thought of his age. He was forty. He had spent the best of his days. And Lily? Lily was just budding into womanhood. As yet, before her the world lay all fresh and new, with joys and pleasures yet to be tasted. Why should he seek to link her young life with his? And yet the disparity was not so great after all. Marriages between forty and twenty were common enough, and, when made for love, there was no reason why they should not be as happy as any other—nay, happier; for the love of a man of forty is no fickle fancy, no boy's caprice. As for Sir William, he knew that he could love Lily with an abounding affection, that he could cherish her and dote upon her to the last; ay, that he could worship her as a holy being, and bow to her as to a guardian angel.

He waited anxiously for the letter. It came the next day, and it ran thus:

> "MY DEAR, GOOD, KIND FRIEND,—I scarcely know what to say to you now that I have sat down to write the letter which I promised. I feel, keenly and deeply, how unworthy I am, how ungrateful I must have appeared to you; but I fear I shall not have words to tell you what my heart reveals to me, now that I have awakened from that delusive dream.
>
> "What I wish to say is, that I have never ceased to love you from that day at Greenwich, which I so well remember. Yes, it was *you* I loved. I know it now; but how—how can I tell you? I carried your image away with me to the school in Paris to which I was taken by my mother. I carried away with me not only a vision of your face, but the sound of your kind voice, the pressure of your gentle hand upon my hair, the soft touch of your lips upon my brow. I was a solitary girl at school. I had no friends or relations who came to see me. I never went home for holidays like the other girls. Often for days and nights together I was Quite Alone—alone with your face, with your smile, with your touch, with your kiss. When I wished to bring your image before me, I closed my eyes and saw you, like a light in the dark. You were the embodiment to me of all that was handsome, and beautiful, and good.
>
> "I hung my arms about the neck of the vision which I conjured up. I was a child, a lonely child, without father or mother, or any one to love. In you I loved father, mother, sister, brother, and every thing that is good and lovable. I prayed that I might see you again; but weary months and weary years passed, and hope was becoming dead within me. I had seen nothing but misery, misery, misery; and it seemed as if I were doomed to be miserable to the end. My spirit sank. I began to forget myself—to forget *you*. I did not forget your goodness, for that was always about me, like an essence, filling my heart with boundless love. But the outward sign was fading. When I closed my eyes now the vision seemed faint and undefined. It was so long, long ago! I was forgetting your form and features. And yet my heart was clinging to its first love—to *you*. But I was a heathen, and sought some visible sign in which to embody the attributes of my deity. Edgar Greyfaunt appeared, and he became my idol—the graven image which represented all I loved and adored. Out of the forlorn state of my vacant heart I conceived this illusion, and set up in that yearning empty place the vague thing I loved. I know how that it was not Edgar.
>
> "But I blush to think how long I remained blind—how long I continued to give you pain, when you were so good, so noble, so patient. I feel to want to go down on my knees to you, to ask you to forget my folly, and to treat me as a poor, weak, silly child. Come what will, I will ever bless you, and think of you with love and gratitude.
>
> "Yours ever, LILY."

Sir William read this letter with a choking sensation, and the tears standing in his eyes.

"Dear Lily!" he exclaimed; "she is reproaching herself for being little less than an angel. I will fly to her at once; but stay," he added, checking himself, "what have I done that I should be blessed with such love as hers?" He paused for a moment in thought, then looked up reverently and exclaimed, "Heaven is merciful to me indeed!"

Sir William hastened to the hotel, and, without waiting to be announced, strode up the stairs and entered the old Indian's reception-room. Lily was there alone. Before she could rise to receive him, the baronet ran to her, and seated himself on the couch beside her.

"Lily, dearest Lily," he said, "do you, will you love me? Will you take me by the hand, and give me a chance of heaven? Will you be my little wife; my good angel?"

Thinking of her, perhaps, as the child whom he had nursed and petted at Greenwich, he drew her toward him as he said this. Lily yielded to his embrace, dropped her head upon his shoulder, and whispered assurance of undying love.

THE END.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THEY had been playing at cross purposes all the time ever since, standing upon the piazza at Thorneycroft, they had been introduced to each other. She, Laura Mayne, had just come from a walk that evening, bearing trophies. A long branch of trailing creeper was in her hand, and had twisted back over her shoulder, with its green leaves and flame-colored blossoms. She had fastened a bunch of scarlet flowers in her black hair, and the straw-hat she swung by its ribbons was full of fragrant bloom. She looked like a Flora, if Flora was ever a tall, slight girl, with springy step, and dark, haughty face. At any rate she was a beauty after the Colonel's own heart. His sister, Mrs. Meredith, introduced them gayly:

"Miss Mayne, my brother, Colonel Giles Eustace, on furlough. Make me your debtor by being so agreeable that he can't get away from Thorneycroft for the next six weeks."

Miss Mayne had obeyed literally. She was a girl of splendid possibilities, but actually, so far, only a leader of fashion, a stylish, elegant girl, certainly, with powers of sarcasm which made her feared where she chose, and a gracious charm when she wanted to please which was irresistible. She had been "out" for three seasons. She had had proposals enough the first year to make all the girls in her set envious—the next year not so many—and the last winter none. Not that her beauty was on the wane—it had not yet reached its zenith—but she had grown above the standard of most whom she met. They tired her, and she took no pains to hide her weariness. She went in society as a Mohammedan goes to mosque, without any thought of escaping, as part of the day's work. She sang enough not to be disobliging; danced a good deal, for there was a *verve* and spring in her organization which made her fond of it; but nothing moved her from the proud equipoise of her mental repose. She had an honest passion for nature. She loved birds, and flowers, and solitary places. This was why she came to Thorneycroft instead of going to Newport.

Thorneycroft was a quiet old place—a great, rambling house, with an old garden full of old-fashioned flowers. There were great woods near by, and, not too far away, the sea. The boarders were a quiet set, mostly ladies like Mrs. Meredith, who preferred good air, and good diet for their children, and time to get rested after a winter of society, to the attractions of any watering-place whatever. The gentlemen came out once or twice a week. The rest of the time they could abandon themselves to morning-dresses, and *laissez-faire*. Mrs. Mayne had come there willingly enough with her daughter, thanking Providence that Laura had not fixed upon any place more fashionable and expensive. For her husband was dead, and she had left to her only this same imperious Laura, whose wishes she never thought of crossing.

Colonel Eustace's coming made quite a diversion at Thorneycroft. All the girls—there were only four or five—donned their prettiest toilets, and fluttered round him. He was so handsome, so interesting, with his bronzed, haughty, impassive face, his martial air, and his right arm in a sling. He was courteous to them all, but they made no impression. They might as well wear wrappers and go their own way. He saw only Laura Mayne. Laura could not complain, as she had done of others, that he tired her. She found in him a man in earnest—a man for whom the great questions of the day had a vital power and significance—who had made up his mind, and then was ready to face dauntlessly the consequences of his convictions.

Still, as I said, they had been playing at cross purposes. She thought he was trying to make her love him, and show her love—to be quite sure of her before asking. She thought it was pride, and made up her mind to conquer it. He, on the other hand, had not one particle of the feeling which she attributed to him. It was his faith in woman as woman, his profound belief in her, individually, that lay at the bottom of his mistake. He did not want to tell her his love without being tolerably certain that she could return it, because he thought it would be painful to her to refuse him, and he was generous enough to seek to spare her all pain. So they walked together through the woods and along the sea-shore; gathered flowers, read books, sang songs, talked politics, literature, religion—every thing but love.

Until a day came in September when, his arm being well, and his furlough nearly over, Colonel Eustace was going back to his post. The mist was soft on the far hills—a few leaves had already turned crimson on the trees—the crickets sang in the dry grass, and the birds stopped on the boughs where their summer nests had hung to pipe melancholy songs of farewell before following the summer southward. They had been walking all the afternoon, Colonel Eustace and Laura, through the old places. With an unconscious, lingering sentimentality they had retraced every path they had trod together in the past six weeks. Here, she remembered, they had sang. There she had read to him. They sat on that knoll, under the oak, the day he made the wreath of white and crimson for her hair. She could have cried at every step out of the sorrowful, foreboding ache at her heart. But she made no sign. Her dark eyes had never been brighter. Her very smiles were brilliant and yet cold, like the sparkle of a diamond. There was no encouragement in her manner, so carefully had she schooled herself. If Colonel Eustace waited for some sign of emotion, some expression of regret at their near parting, he waited in vain.

At last, growing desperate, he told her his love. He could not leave her, he thought, without knowing his fate; so he asked her to be his wife. What was it in his manner that did not please her? She did not think him humble enough. The subtle demon of pride, that sat ever like a familiar spirit at her elbow, whispered her that he took too much for granted. So she refused him; when all the while he was to her the crown and glory of manhood—when she was hungry for his love, and would rather have had the right to weep over his grave than to share with any other man a kingdom.

He took her refusal quietly enough. It was not like him to make ado. They were silent a little while after that, and then she said—

"So you go away to-morrow?"

"Yes," he answered, somewhat sadly—"my furlough is over, and some other things are over for me too. I should hardly care to stay longer, Miss Mayne, even if I could."

She longed passionately just then to tell him that he was yielding his hopes too soon. If he had been less ready to raise the siege on the first note of defiance the fortress might yet have surrendered. But she kept her secret obstinately. Colonel Eustace was above any petty resentment—above even the bitterness of wounded pride. He was not less kind than usual, if a little sadder, as they walked lingeringly home through the woods. He gathered a few fire-tinted leaves as they went along, and gave them to her—his last offering.

She wore them that night. She made a garland of them for her dark hair, and fastened a bunch of them on her breast. She had seldom looked so beautiful. An unspoken longing flushed her cheeks to flame. Her eyes were brilliant with feverish brightness, her lips scarlet. She wore a thin, gossamer-like black dress, shot with golden stars. Hoops of barbaric gold were in her ears and on her slender wrists. On brow and bosom burned the vivid autumn leaves. Colonel Eustace would not soon forget the radiant vision. He danced with her that night. It was the first time. When he first came his wounded arm had prevented; and later they had so much to talk about that they had let the music sound, and the "dancers dance in tune," unheeded. But to-night there was something in the wild waltz music that seemed akin to both their moods. They whirled around in swift circles, her eyes looking up into his, her breath coming and going against his cheek. She wished the music would never stop. She felt a heart-sick longing to have that hour eternal. If she could dance on forever, supported by his arm, with his eyes meeting and answering her own, she would have been content, she thought, with such an immortality. But pitilessly soon the waltz was over. They began to form sets for something else; but she and her partner left the dancers with one accord. After that one bewildering waltz any thing else would be tame.

They passed on into another room, and he asked her to sing. She went to the piano willingly enough. Indeed I think she would have refused him nothing this last night. She ran her fingers over the keys, and they broke at her touch into a passion of woe. There was in the music the longing cry of a soul. It swelled out on the salt sea-wind which came in at the windows—a plaint of loss, of sorrow, of despair. Then she sang:

"Oh let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet!
Then let come what come may;
What matter if I go mad?
I shall have had my day.

"Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me,
Before I am quite sure
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may,
To a life that has been so sad:
I shall have had my day."

When she rose her eyes met his. I wonder he had not read the prayer that was in them. They told as plainly as eyes could the story of her repentance—her longing for the pearl of great price she had that day suffered to drop out of her listless hand. If he had reverenced her less he would have understood her better. He fancied her so far above all trifling, or vanity, or fickleness, that he supposed her yea must be yea, and her nay, nay; and so made no attempt to change it. In the rash, appealing eyes, in the pathetic plaint of the rich voice, he read, indeed, the longing for love: but he thought it was for another love, not his; and so he bade her good-night, and good-by, without saying any thing of his disappointment, or giving her any opportunity to take back her refusal. She stood a moment, trying to conquer her pride. She longed to whisper,

"Forgive me; I said what I did not mean:" but unasked she could not. If he had spoken only one word—but how could she speak first? So she shut the gate of her Paradise with her own hand.

"Good-by," he said; "I shall be off before you are up to-morrow: so I must thank you to-night for some happy hours."

"Good-by, Colonel Eustace:" pride made her voice steady. "I shall think of you, and summer, and Thorneycroft—three pleasant memories. *Bon voyage!*"

Her words were light enough; but she turned away suddenly to hide some traitor tears—looking back, though, to smile and wave her hand as she went up the stairs.

In her own room she looked at her life just as it was, putting aside all disguises, and leaving for pride itself no vantage ground. The facts were simple. She loved Giles Eustace with all her heart. She had never loved before; and she knew it was not in her ever to love again. So the blow she dealt him had been the death-blow of her own happiness. She tried to look on into the weary, coming years—years lighted by no such dreams as most girls cherish of some fairy prince yet to come, some story yet to be told which shall set life to music. Her prince had come, and been sent away unacknowledged. What fabric was left of which to make her dreams? She had been happy enough without love until this summer; why should not the coming years be like the past, and yet more abundant? Why did the old routine look so inexpressibly dull and wearisome? She sat the long night through, pitying herself for her loss.

In the early morning she heard below a bustle of preparation. She knew Colonel Eustace was about to leave. A wild impulse seized her to go down, even then, and tell him all. She rose and looked at herself in the toilet-glass. By the sickly rays of the lamp, which had burned all night, her face shone wan and ghastly. What if she should not be able to see him alone? Could she go down in her evening dress, with those pallid cheeks and lustreless eyes which told the story of her vigil, and meet half a dozen other pairs of eyes? But perhaps there would be time even yet for a fresh toilet. Dressed suitably for morning she could go down and mingle with the rest. If she found an opportunity to see him alone she could use it. She took off her dress and brushed her hair out hurriedly; stopping, though, to lay carefully aside every one of the vivid-tinted leaves she had worn the night before—his last gift. Just as she was fastening her dress, with hasty, trembling fingers, she heard him say good-by, and looking out she saw him ride away. The last opportunity was gone. She said to herself that fate was against her; but it is my private opinion that if she had finished dressing in time she would not have gone down—her enemy was pride, not fate.

A little later they went back to New York, she and her mother, and the old round began again. Never had Miss Laura been so enchanting. You are surprised? You thought, perhaps, that she would shut herself up at home, sick of fashion and frivolity—or, perhaps, you pictured her as a nurse in a soldier's hospital—a lay sister, going about to do good. Then you reckoned without due knowledge of human nature, or forgot to take into account the force of habit. It is not often in a century that trouble matures a woman into a saint. You shall not find in every girl to whom fate has refused her heart's desire a Florence Nightingale. The majority resort for distraction in their troubles to precisely the same things they have been doing before. Laura Mayne's dissatisfaction with herself only made her more dangerous. She had no lack now of suitors. She had come down from the height of her indifference, and ceased to think it too much trouble to please. She was afraid, perhaps, that the world would guess her secret; and the ceaseless pressure of her pain goaded her to a kind of reckless, desperate gayety that was profoundly fascinating to unfledged gallants.

At last one of her admirers seemed to distance the rest. She was more attentive to Frank Lorilard's nothings, more tolerant of his flatteries, than she had ever been known to be before. He was a self-satisfied youth, who gave you the impression of knowing well the code of society, and walking by it without turning to left or right. You never detected him in an awkwardness, or a dilemma. There was something in his cool self-possession that had almost the effect of greatness. But he was not great or brilliant. His blonde mustache and carefully-cultivated whisker were unexceptionable. So were his coat and his waistcoat. So was his necktie. So was his manner. So was his conversation. He talked platitudes with an air of sense and originality which imposed upon shallow minds. Trust me, it did not impose upon Laura Mayne. Yet she deliberately made up her mind to marry him and the half million of property which he represented.

Of course she must marry some time—it was expected of her. It made little difference to her whom. When the sun has set neither rush-light nor candle can make it noonday. So she smiled benignantly on his small talk, wore his flowers, and sang for him, or danced with him, whenever he asked her. Only there were some songs she never sang, and there was one waltz to which not even Mr. Lorilard could persuade her to dance. It was keen torture when she heard it. It carried her back to Thorneycroft. She felt the salt sea-wind coming and going—she heard a voice that only her ears could hear—she looked into eyes full of fateful power, and thrilled in every nerve to the spell.

But when Mr. Lorilard proposed she accepted him. It was not until spring; for he was too circumspect in all things to speak hastily. She had read that day the order that the Army of the Potomac should advance. She knew that Colonel Eustace must go with them, to danger, and likely enough to death. She should never see him more, she thought. Oh! if she had but told him that she loved him! If he had but once kissed her, but once held her close to that true heart of his! But now it was all over. What avails it to shriek out wild prayers for pardon when death has sealed the ears that should have listened? Will any tears falling upon dead eyes unseal their vision? or any kisses dropped upon dead lips thrill them to one throb of the old joy? Will any longings call back the blessedness of one vanished day—the grace of one lost opportunity? The past was dead for her. She knew, none better, how vain were her regrets—how idle the passion of her woe.

When Mr. Lorilard called she made a ravishing toilet, and went down stairs. You would not have guessed that trouble and she had ever been neighbors. He offered her his hand in elegant phraseology. She accepted it with courtly grace. There was not much fire or fervor in his nature. All that there was Laura Mayne had aroused. He really loved her as well as he could love any thing in the universe, except himself. He gloried in her beauty, her grace, her calm, regnant pride. Never, he thought, had any Lorilard carried home a more fitting bride.

Her calmness did not last after he went away. She hated herself for the bargain she had made. She struck the hand he had kissed with a frantic passion of scorn. She walked to and fro in her room with eager, hurrying steps, like one seeking escape and finding none. Then she said to herself, with a bitter sneer,

"Take it easy, Mrs. Lorilard that is to be. You have not sold yourself for nothing. Do not spoil the beauty your lord so prizes by any unseemly frenzies."

If Colonel Eustace had wanted any revenge he must have been satisfied had he seen her that night. With the dawn of the next day her composure came back to her. She knew what she had done, and she meant to look the consequences in the face. She thought the future life could not be much worse than her life the past winter had been. The very intensity of her first emotions had produced by the law of reaction a passive, torpid, quiescent state, which she mistook for resignation. Mr. Lorilard was charmed with her sweetness, and urged an early marriage. She was ready enough to comply. Once done, she thought, she should be able to set her heel on the serpent that stung her so ceaselessly now. She should be done with longings and regrets after her marriage vows had put an interdict upon the past—written its epitaph.

In the very midst of her preparations came the fighting in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania. With a horrible, torturing fear at her heart she searched the list of the wounded, and found his name—Wounded dangerously, Colonel Giles Eustace. Until she read that sentence she had not quite known how dear he was—how her life was bound up with his. She was powerless, then, to lay the ghosts which haunted her. Her own soul spoke to her with a cry which would not be silenced. Dead or alive, she knew she belonged to that man. What did her betrothal vows mean? What had she been going to do? With a calmness that surprised herself she went down stairs and found her mother. She laid the newspaper in her hand, and pointed mutely to that paragraph.

"Our friend of last summer?" Mrs. Mayne asked.

"Mother," she said, not heeding the question, "I loved that man as my own soul. I should be sinning against God and myself to marry any one else—sinning against him also, for he loved me. Mother, you must tell Mr. Lorilard that I can not marry him."

There were few things that Mrs. Mayne would not have done for her daughter without remonstrance. She had no intention of refusing to do this one even, only the prospect horrified her. There was a pitiful helplessness in her voice as she gasped,

"What shall I say? Laura, how can I?"

Laura looked at her a moment as she sat there, white of lip and trembling of limb; and in the midst of her woe a ghastly smile crossed her face at the dismay pictured so strongly on her mother's.

"You need not do it," she said, soothingly; "you shall not. It was selfish of me to ask you. I can do it myself much better than you. Be tranquil."

Just then the bell rang. They both knew what visitor it was—the only one who came so early. Mrs. Mayne made her escape hurriedly, and Laura summoned her forces for the battle. It was not easy to interrupt Mr. Lorilard's tender speeches. He was quite too self-confident to observe that they were malapropos. Laura sat silent, trying to think what to say, until he mentioned their wedding-day. Then her words came, passionately, eagerly, in spite of herself, harsher and more direct than she had meant they should be.

"I can never marry you—never. I love another man with all my heart and soul. I should be sinning alike against you and Heaven to become your wife."

Here was a case in which Mr. Lorilard's code of rules failed him. He had never contemplated such an exigency, and had to find his way out of it as best he could, without help from precedent or conventionalities. He answered with an emphasis which attempted sarcasm, but stopped short at anger:

"It seems to me, Miss Mayne, you have taken a singular time to make this discovery."

"I knew it from the first," she cried, "only I thought I could conquer it. But I can not, I can not. Forgive me. I never meant to wrong you. I thought I could love you as well as you expected of me. I did not realize how impossible a task I was attempting."

He took refuge in sulkiness.

"I am obliged for your efforts in my behalf," he said, sullenly; "but I could wish you had understood yourself better. As it is, you have made us both ridiculous. Of course, after your very emphatic expression of your sentiments, I can have no wish, and shall make no attempt, to change your decision."

He rose to go. She sprang forward and clasped her hands on his arm.

"But you will forgive me?" she cried. "You will not go until you have said that?"

I know not how he could have resisted the pleading eyes, the earnest, lovely face. But he turned away, still sullenly.

"I, at least, am no hypocrite," he said. "My feelings toward you must matter little; you have not shown yourself regardful of them."

With those words he coldly withdrew his arm from her clasp and went away. Pity him a little. If his love had not been so deep or so intense as some men's, he had given her the best he had to give, and she had wounded him in the tenderest point.

To her the shock, when she read that newspaper paragraph, had been like the finding of her soul to Undine. All her possibilities became actual from that time. Pride, selfishness, indolence retreated like baffled foes, routed and discomfited. From that moment she was her best self. She would have gone to Colonel Eustace, but she felt that she had no right. She dared not write to him lest he should be too ill to read her words. So she contented herself by trying to *be* what he had fancied her. She did not give up all hope of seeing him again, even in this world. Hope was a component part of her splendid, resilient temperament. If she had seen him lying dead before her she would have hoped still; only she would have lifted her waiting eyes to the world of spirits, and her faith would have been strong enough to anchor itself there. While he yet lived she believed that they must some time meet; and she tried to grow worthier of him. She was not sad. Her mother, knowing her secret, wondered constantly at her cheerfulness.

One day, in June, his sister, Mrs. Meredith, came to see her. They had been somewhat intimate at Thorneycroft, but had not met often during the winter. Mrs. Meredith had been ignorant of her brother's proposal and its rejection, and had believed him and Laura Mayne the best of friends merely. She had heard of Laura's engagement to Frank Lorilard; but that, she thought, need make no difference about her errand.

"My brother will be home to-night," she said, as soon as she was seated.

The drawing-room was fashionably dark, so she could not see the swift flush that stained her listener's cheek.

"Colonel Eustace?" Laura asked, with instant regaining of her self-command. "I thought he was seriously wounded."

"Yes, he was wounded, but not so severely as was at first reported. He is almost well again already. He will be here to-night, and next week he will go with us for a few days to Thorneycroft, and then back to the seat of war. I wanted to have a few of his old friends there to welcome him to-night. I don't think he will be too tired to enjoy it, for he will only travel from Philadelphia to-day. Will you come? You may bring Mr. Lorilard with you if you like."

"Mr. Lorilard is no longer at my service," Laura said, with a smile.

Mrs. Meredith was too well-bred to ask questions.

"Come alone, then," she said, graciously; "but don't fail to come. Giles knew you so well last summer I am sure he will be glad to see you."

When her visitor was gone Laura Mayne went to her room, and took down from a peg in her wardrobe the dress she had worn that last night at Thorneycroft. She had never put it on since. She would wear it to-night. She took out of a casket the fire-tinted autumn leaves. They were bright as ever.

When she stood that evening in Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room she looked just as she had done that other night. It wanted only the salt, suggestive sea-wind blowing through long, low windows, the square, old-fashioned room, to make complete the resurrection. Colonel Eustace thought so as he looked at her, and felt a chord in his heart that he had long believed silenced begin anew to vibrate. Her eyes and lips were bright with a feverish expectation between hope and fear—she was radiant as his memories of her.

Nor was he changed, as she had dreaded. He was a little lame, but there was no trace of the peril through which he had passed on the bronzed, handsome face.

Later in the evening, when he had been as polite to every one as was needful, he stole a little time for pleasure. He asked Laura to sing. She sat down again, and sang the old song with its old, passionate prayer for love. Again, as she rose, her eloquent eyes met his, and this time a ray of enlightenment shot from them into his mind. He walked with her into a corner where they were quite alone, and touched, as he stood beside her, the vivid autumn leaves.

"Leaves do not turn in June," he said—"these must be last year's trophies?"

"No, relics."

The low voice quivered with emotion. The dark eyes sparkled beneath his gaze. He bent nearer to her, and whispered,

"Did you love me, Laura, after all?"

Then came her confession—a confession which, in its noble humility, would have redeemed graver faults than hers. She told him not only the foolish pride which had made her refuse him at first, because she thought he was not humble enough; she told him just what her life since had been. She omitted no detail of her engagement with Frank Lorilard. She did not spare herself a single pang of humiliation. When she had told all, she said, simply, as a child:

"I am afraid you will lose your faith in me when you see I am so much worse than you thought me."

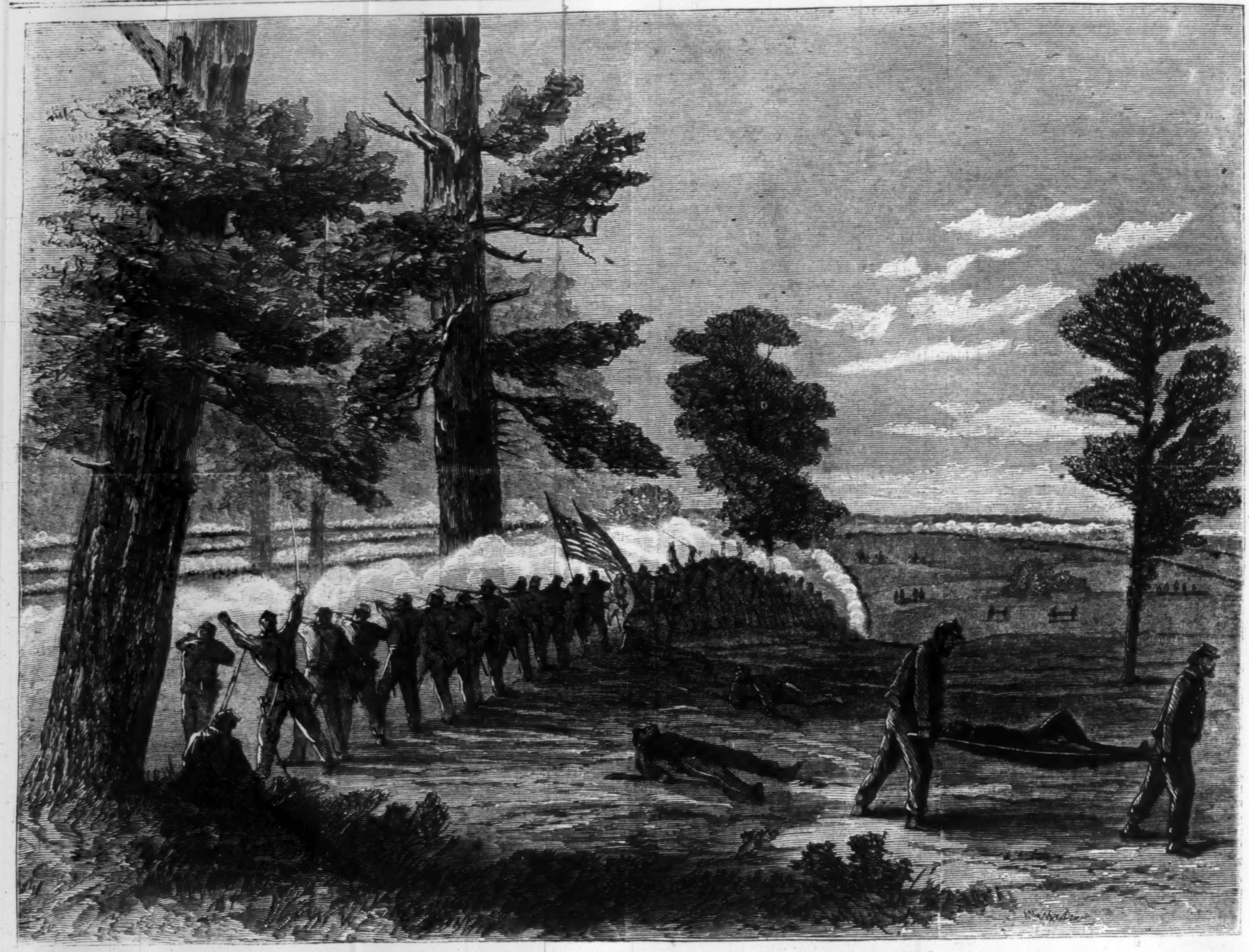
No matter for his answer. Lovers' raptures sound so much better at fisrt hand—they lose all that makes them eloquent when they lose the indorsement of look, and tone, and gesture.

The next morning he made his appearance early at Mrs. Mayne's. After a little talk with Laura, they summoned her mother to their counsels. Colonel Eustace begged hard to be married at once. Next time he went away, he said, he wanted to leave Laura his wife. He wanted to be sure that she would write to him constantly, and come to him if he needed her. Mrs. Mayne was of too kindly and compliant a nature to refuse. She only raised a little dilemma—what about the wedding-dresses?

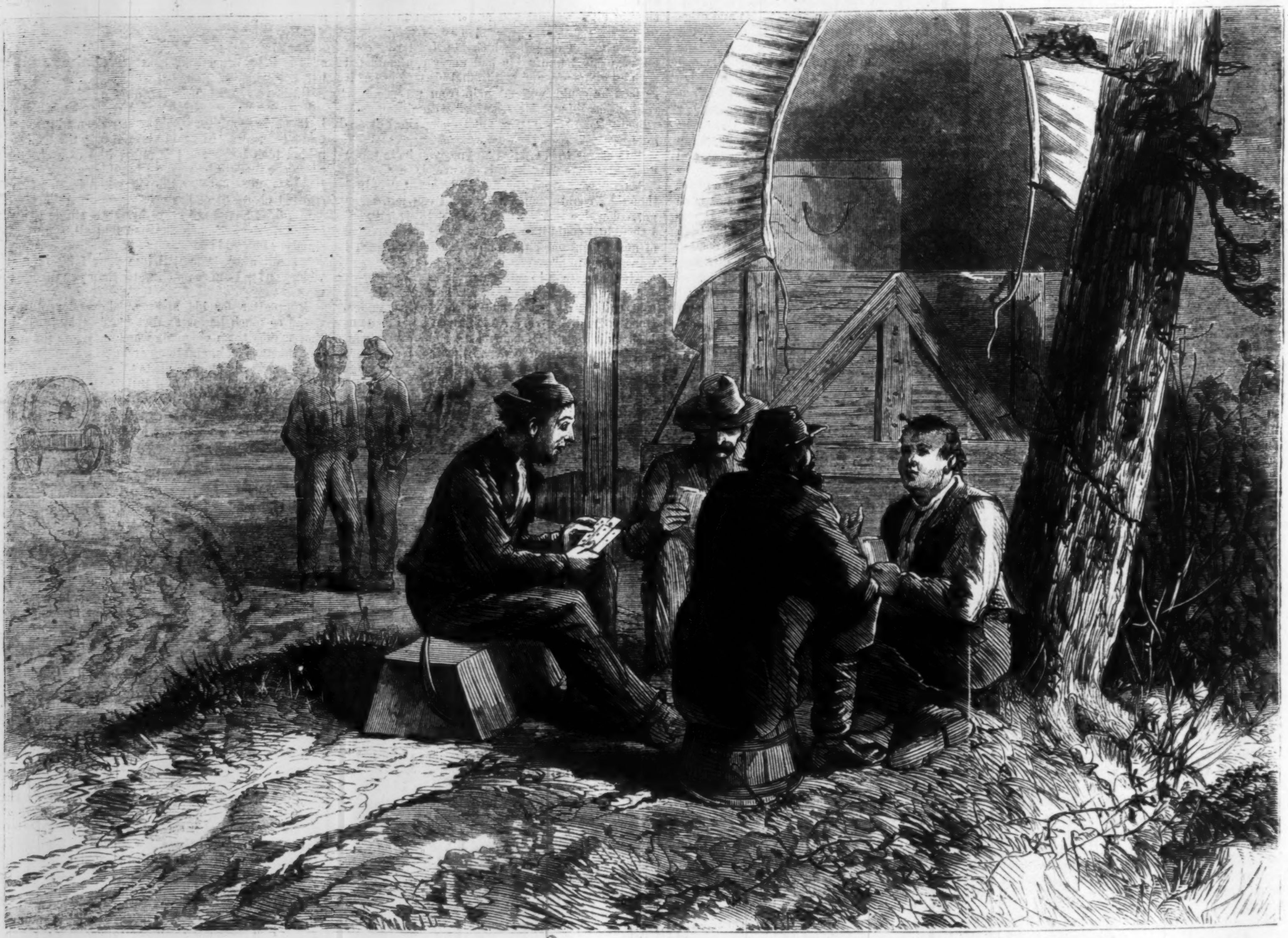
This Laura settled. She would not buy new dresses, she said, if she had ever so much time for preparation. It was not a time, when sons and brothers and husbands were dying on battle-fields, for American women to buy silks and laces, and flutter in gorgeous plumage. She would wear a white muslin, and be married without bridemaids, or a reception—a resolution which some girls would have considered as courageous as leading a forlorn hope. But for her it involved little sacrifice. The years of her vanity were past. She had taken hold of the true meanings of life.

The next day they were married, and then they went with the Merediths to Thorneycroft for one happy week. They roamed again through all the old paths, and remembered the old days tenderly in these new days so much dearer and sweeter.

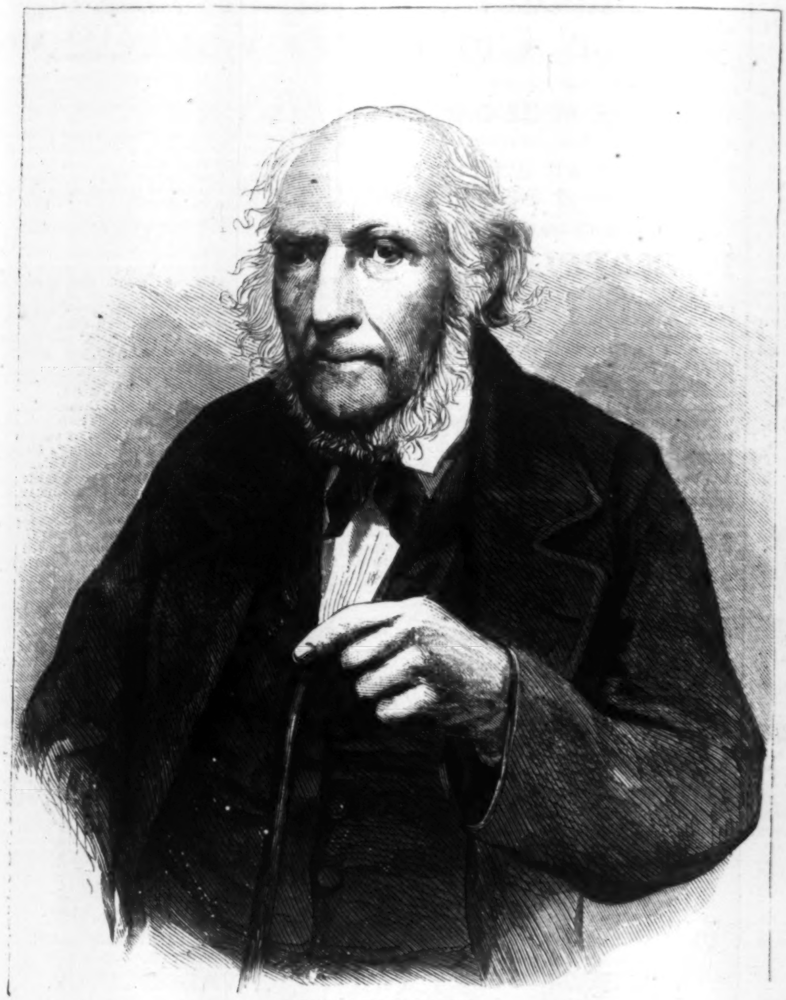
At length he went away—that was the last of June—and since then Laura has known the anxieties, the watching and waiting, of a soldier's wife. So far her husband is safe; but if he falls she will scarcely grudge, to the cause for which he fights, the costly sacrifice. It will be only to wait a little longer—to look forward to a heavenly home, and a heavenly meeting, instead of an earthly one. She thinks, as she walks alone through the old paths, and gathers the fire-tinted leaves of this year's autumn, that come what will of future sorrow she dare not murmur, for she has tasted the full sweetness of love and of life—she has had her day.



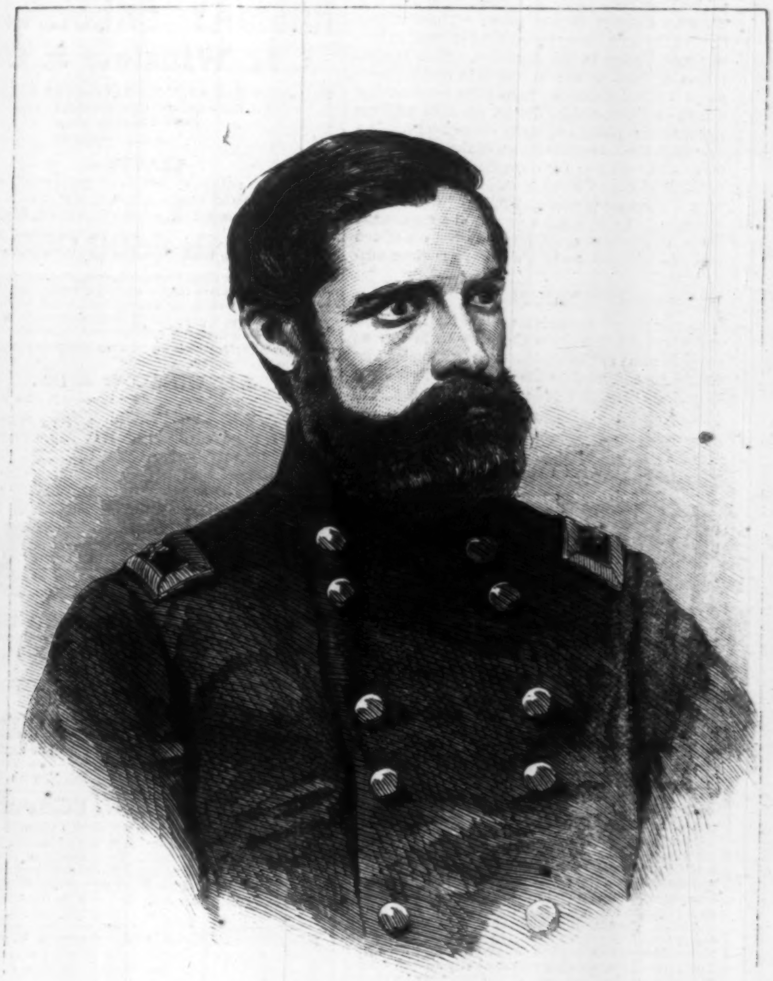
THE BATTLE-FIELD—AT THE FRONT.—Sketched by A. W. Warren.—[See Page 790.]



THE BATTLE-FIELD—AT THE REAR.—Sketched by A. W. Warren.—[See Page 790.]



DEACON JOHN PHILLIPS.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN G. RAWLINGS, GENERAL GRANT'S CHIEF OF STAFF.

DEACON JOHN PHILLIPS.

Deacon John Phillips, whose portrait we give above, is a resident of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, where he voted at the last Presidential election, having reached the age of 104 years. He has voted for General Washington and at every subsequent Presidential election, except that of 1860, when he was prevented by illness. At the recent election he was escorted to the Town Hall in a carriage, over which floated the American flag. At the announcement of the arrival of the venerable patriot at the door of the Hall, the citizens of the town, in token of reverence and respect, arose and stood with uncovered heads, while a detail of soldiers bore the "Old Gentleman" to the desk in front. He expressed the satisfaction he felt at seeing so many of the soldiers who had periled their lives in defense of the country, and desired to take each one by the hand. A line was formed of all the returned soldiers present, and each one was introduced to the venerable patriarch, with a statement of the length of time each had served in the army. The Deacon had a son present, who was seventy-nine years old, and who addressed the citizens.

Two sets of ballots were presented to the venerable voter in full view of all present—one being a ballot for Abraham Lincoln, the other for George B. M'Clellan—and the old gentleman was asked to take his choice. He reached out his hand and said, "I will vote for Abraham Lincoln."

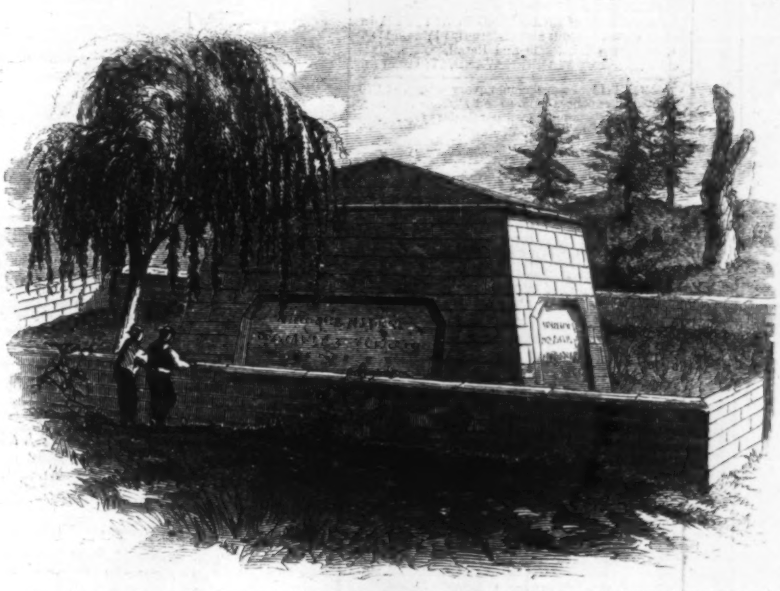
The following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted by the town:

"*Whereas*, our very venerable and highly respected fellow-citizen, Deacon John Phillips, who is this day one hundred and four years four months and nine days old, and who still retains his mental and physical faculties in a high degree; and, whereas, he has traveled some two miles to attend this town meeting, and has deposited his ballot for presidential electors and State officers, therefore,

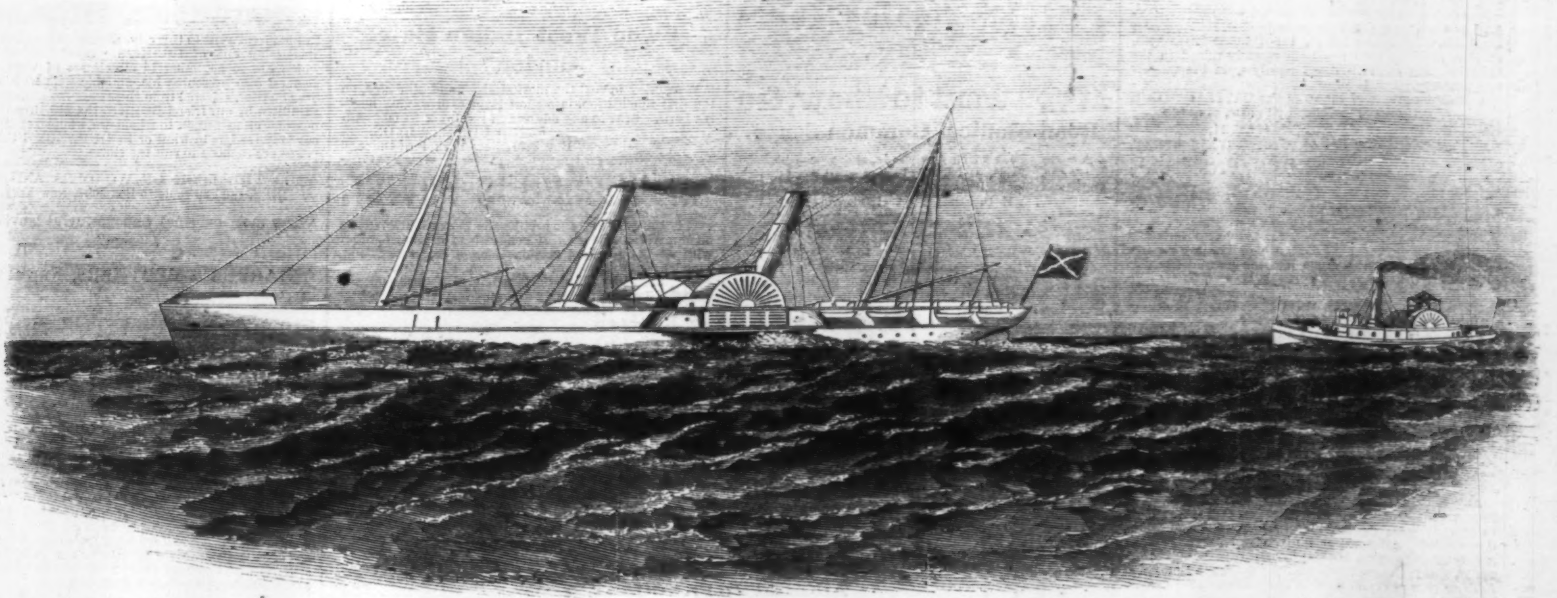
"*Resolved*, That this be entered upon the records of the town, as a lasting memorial of his undying patriotism and devotion to country, and as an incident perhaps unparalleled in the annals of our Government."

GENERAL JOHN G. RAWLINGS.

General Rawlings, Chief of Staff to Lieutenant-General Grant, and whose portrait we give on this page, was at the breaking out of the war engaged in the profession of law at Galena, Illinois. He was a townsman of General Grant, and upon the appointment of the latter as field-officer, Rawlings, then a young man, was selected by him as a member of his staff. Since then, except at brief intervals of illness, he has retained this official connection with General Grant. Upon one occasion he was wounded in the performance of his military duties. One feature is characteristic of him, and that is his modesty. One of the first hotels in this city was not long since honored with his presence for several days, but the proprietor did not until the last moment discover that he had been entertaining the chief of General Grant's staff. This is a peculiar feature distinguishing the Lieutenant-General himself from other men, and those whom he gathers about him have very much the same character. General Rawlings in a peculiar manner enjoys the confidence of General Grant.



MONUMENT ERECTED BY CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS ON THE STONE RIVER BATTLE-GROUND.
Sketched by D. M. F.—[See Page 790.]



CAPTURE OF THE BLOCKADE RUNNER "HOPE" BY THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "ÆOLUS" OFF WILMINGTON, Oct. 22, 1864.—Sketched by S. M. Lane.—[See Pac [illegible]0.]

The New York *Tribune*, in speaking of Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs, says: "These instruments have been blown by the wind of genuine success from Boston to San Francisco. That Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have succeeded in making a superior small instrument, from little bandbox-like things to those which, though portable, and not larger than a piano, can make themselves felt in a church, is the universal opinion of the musical profession. They agree that no such mechanical works of the kind can be found in equal perfection in Europe. The tone is pure and full, and with an immense body for so small a provocative mechanical force. They stand rough traveling, bad usage, and will live in climates which will kill American missionaries."

In our advertisement last week of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company there was an error in some of the copies. All communications should be addressed to the Company, New York City Post-Office, Box 5368, instead of Box 368, as printed.

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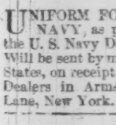

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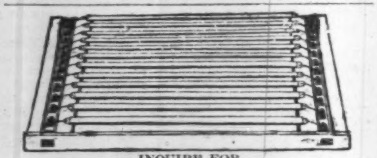

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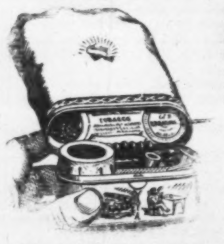

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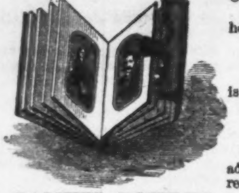

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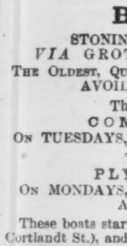

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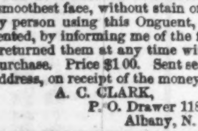

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The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company has been organized under the laws of the State of New York, for the purpose of mining for petroleum, and other minerals, and dealing in the same. It has located its principal business office in New York City, the largest transit and shipping market for petroleum in the world, and has taken measures to establish a connection with Liverpool, the most extensive receiving market for that oil outside of this country. The managers and stockholders of the Company include among their number gentlemen largely interested in the petroleum business, and who have gained both wealth and experience in it: facts which justify the confident expectation of careful, intelligent, and profitable management. It is believed that by a judicious investment of the funds of the Company dividends of from two to five per cent. a month on the capital stock can be made.

The property to be conveyed to the Company consists of the lands and property enumerated in the following list. Their extent can be greatly enlarged if desirable, and their present development completed, as funds shall come in from subscriptions.

List of Lands and Property.

FIRST.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 1, on the upper McElhenny Farm, containing ten acres There are three wells on this lot, two of which are now producing about fifty barrels a day each, the third about ten barrels. A new well is also now in process of drilling, and will soon be completed. On this property are three good engines, tankage for over eleven hundred barrels, tubing, tools, office, &c.

There is room on this lease for several more wells; and all wells put down on or near this territory have been productive. The character of the McElhenny Farm is too well known to need further comment.

SECOND.—One-fourth of the working interest in Lot No. 6, on the lower McElhenny Farm, containing one acre, and known as the Hatch lease, being the lease next below and adjoining the well-known Empire Well, which is now producing one hundred barrels a day. On this lot is one well flowing twenty barrels a day, and another well which has been flowing eighty barrels a day, and which is expected to yield again, as soon as a "Blower," or air-pump, can be put in, which is now nearly prepared. A third well is down and just ready to be tested. A fourth is down about four hundred feet, and is confidently expected to be a good well. There are three good engines, tankage, tubing, and an office on this lease.

THIRD.—One-fourth of the working interest of two lots adjoining, on the late Widow McClintock's Farm, containing helf an acre each. On this property there is one well, known to us as the Freeman Well, now pumping twenty barrels a day; and another down two hundred feet, which is expected to yield a good supply of oil, being within a few feet of a well on the adjoining property which is producing one hundred and fifty barrels, and but a short distance from the celebrated "Hammond Well," yielding three hundred barrels a day. A third well will be sunk immediately on this lease. Two good engines and all the necessary appurtenances are on this property.

FOURTH.—A lot of oil land, in fee simple, on the Caldwell Branch of Oil Creek, containing about one hundred acres, being the south half of that part of Lot No. 103, on the east side of the Caldwell Creek, about five miles above Titusville. The Briggs Oil Company own the land on the opposite side of the creek, on which a well is now about to be put down. The surface show of oil on all this land indicates a very rich territory for boring purposes. The above named property of this Company will be immediately put under development.

FIFTH.—A lot of oil land in fee simple, cotaining seventy acres, situated on French Creek, about four miles from the Alleghany River. All the land in this vicinity is good, and excellent lubricating oil is produced from wells in the neighborhood.

SIXTH.—A lot, in fee simple, of oil land on Cherry Run, containing about seventy-five acres, situated about three miles above Plumer, and only two miles from the celebrated "Noble Well." All the land on Cherry Run has been purchased, and all the wells put down have been productive. One well is down five hundred feet, with a good show of oil on the adjoining lot.

SEVENTH.—Two-thirds of the working interest in the "Wheeler Well," on the John McClintock Farm, containing one acre, more or less. One well is now producing about seventy barrels a day, and steadily increasing, and there is ample room for two more wells on the lot. There is an engine and all the necessary apparatus on the property, which is directly opposite the celebrated Hammond Well, now producing three hundred barrels a day.

EIGHTH.—One-thirty-second of the interest in a lease of three acres on the Foster Farm, near the Porter, Crocker, Sherman, and Noble and Delameter wells.

NINTH.—One-twelfth of the interest in one acre of the G. W. McClintock Farm, adjoining the Mowbray Well; with a good engine, one thousand feet of tubing, &c., &c. On this land are two wells, both of which have flowed, and will again produce oil if worked.

TENTH.—One half of the interest in two acres of oil lands on Cherry Run. This locality is now producing a great excitement in the oil market, large streams of oil having been struck there within a month.

ELEVENTH.—Fifty acres of land on Oil Creek, five miles above Titusville, having a frontage on the creek of one hundred rods.

TWELFTH.—The Ridgway Farm, so called, comprising eighty-five acres of land near Titusville, having a front on Oil Creek of one hundred and fifteen rods, and having already upon it one well, which promises to be one of the very best on Oil Creek.

THIRTEENTH.—Two hundred acres of land, three miles above Titusville, with a front of three hundred rods on Oil Creek, known as the Newton Farm. This land is undeveloped, and is by experts considered good property.

[N.B.—The three tracts last mentioned are not only valuable as oil land, but also for their lumber, being heavily timbered, and containing water-power and mills now established, which at their utmost capacity are unable to satisfy the demand for their sawed lumber at $25 per thousand feet at the mill.]

FOURTEENTH.—One half of the interest in two acres on the John McClintock Farm, known as the Buttonwood Lease. This tract fronts for thirty rods on Oil Creek, and contains two wells. Of these No. 1 is now producing ten barrels a day, and No. 2 will produce twenty-five or thirty barrels a day as soon as the proper machinery can be set up.

FIFTEENTH.—One-sixteenth of the interest in two acres on the McElhenny or Funk Farm, near the Empire, Olmstead, and Dinsmore Wells. On this land one well is already down, and producing six barrels of oil per day.

SIXTEENTH.—One hundred and sixty-eight acres of land in fee, on Bull Creek, in the oil region of West Virginia.

SEVENTEENTH.—One hundred and eighty-five acres on Cow Creek, West Virginia.

[N.B.—The two last-named parcels of land border the two creeks mentioned, and are immediately adjoining oil territory of the best character, and which is now producing as much as any on Oil Creek.]

EIGHTEENTH.—Seventy-five acres in fee, near Franklin, Venango County, Pa., with a front of eighty rods on the river. This tract is now yielding twenty-five barrels a day, having upon it three wells already producing, and four ready for tubing, with the necessary engines and fixtures.

NINETEENTH.—The Fulmer Farm, so called, being one hundred and sixteen acres in fee, three miles from Titusville, extending for a hundred rods along both sides of Oil Creek, and being good oil land for its whole extent.

TWENTIETH.—Seventy-one acres in fee, on Little Oil Creek and Thompson Creek, four miles from Titusville.

TWENTY-FIRST.—One-sixth of the working interest, being one-twelfth of all the oil produced, on a lease situated on the west side of Oil Creek on the Lower McElhenny Farm, and known as Lot No. 3. One well is already down on this land, the tubing and sucker-rods on the ground and paid for, and a good eight-horse-power engine ordered.

With this extensive estate already secured to the Company, and with its advantages of membership and management, the prospects it holds out are inferior to none now offered in the market. Indeed, notwithstanding the large number of Oil Companies now organized, the Petroleum business is, in fact, just at its beginning, as a brief statement will show.

"Seneca Oil," as it is sometimes called even now in drug shops, used to be collected by the Seneca and other Indians from the surface of Oil Creek and springs in that region. The first organized effort to obtain oil in the field of the present Petroleum business was not until 1854. The first well was bored at Titusville in 1857, and in August, 1858, at 71 feet, the drill fell into a cavity, and the well began to yield 1000 gallons a day. The business instantly received a monstrous impulse, and the supply of oil being quickly recognized as practically permanent, an enormous capital and a still greater speculative interest were at once attracted.

The Oil lands are found in Western Pennsylvania, Northeastern and Southeastern Ohio, Northeastern Kentucky, and Western Virginia, not to mention other new fields from time to time found. Throughout these regions for the last six years lands have constantly been taken up, wells dug, companies formed, and immense fortunes made. The commercial uses of Petroleum have increased quite as rapidly as the supply, and the market absorbs at once all that is furnished. The speed with which investments are being pushed into the business may be imagined from the facts that, in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg alone, two hundred and fifty Petroleum Companies are in operation, and quoted in market reports, and that the Petroleum raised during the past year in Western Pennsylvania alone has been sold crude at the wells for *Twenty-five Million Dollars.*

In such enterprises to be early in the field is indispensable. Large as the number of companies may seem, it is not so striking as the vast extent of the part already proved of these unknown subterranean treasures of oil. In a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands substantially as one of the early enterprises, and offers inducements only exceeded by those very few companies whose stock is practically out of market and inaccessible. With a view to provide for the future advantage of early subscribers, from this reasonable start in business, only a limited portion of the stock of the Company is offered at the present rates.

As one evidence of the opinions of experts about the quality of the property of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, we copy the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr. Mowbray, an operative chemist of reputation, established at Titusville, and prominent in the oil business from its very beginning:

"TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, *October* 10, 1864.

"W. T. PHIPPS, Esq., Vice-President, &c.:

"DEAR SIR,—

* * * * "I have observed that, without fail, the best wells have been reached in what was formerly the old bed of Oil Creek. The Drake Well, the Sherman Well, the Noble Well, and the Story Farm Wells are instances of this. Your lands here are mainly the Old Creek bottom. It (the Creek) is now diverted south of them, and in the summer the evolution of gas has been so offensive to the grass mowers that they have left them during mid-day for another part of the field. The Union Company's Well, not down to the third sandstone, in the same formation, gives a first-rate show of oil.

"If these are not the indications of oil territory, then only until after a series of wells has been actually sunk on the land can any opinion be formed. What the value of the land will then be you can judge: but the price will be beyond any present purchaser's means, I am satisfied. I can only add that I have not the interest of one cent in these lands, but say what I really think for your guidance. * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Yours very respectfully, GEO. M. MOWBRAY."

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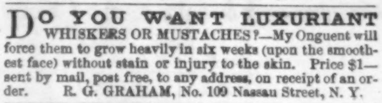

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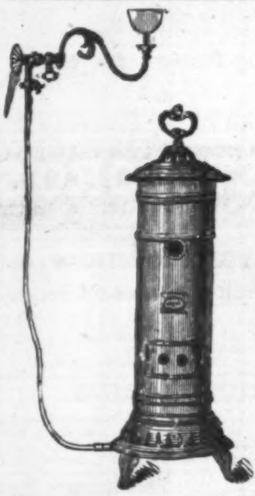

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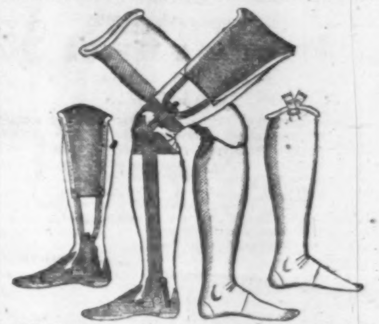

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